MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 14 No. 3

60p

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NUDE: DAVID BOWIE'S SEXIEST CO-STAR

SCOTLAND VOTES YES FOR LILIAS

MR. COLT'S SIX SHOOTER: HOW THE WEST WAS WON

A DIFFERENCE YOU'LL ENJOY: THE MAID FROM McDONALDS

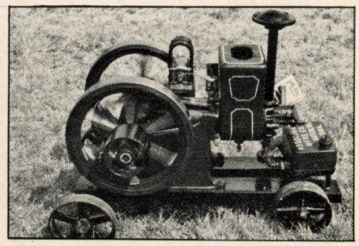
VAUXHALL'S HAIRY HATCHBACK

OVERLEAF: OUR LUSCIOUS LIBRARIAN

QUEST: A UNIQUE INSIGHT INTO THE LOVE TRIANGLE

ADORABLE ANNE: OUR ASH-BLONDE FROM ASHBY

LARGEST U.K. MEN'S MAGAZINE CIRCULATION



MAYFAIR

INCORPORATING King

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Adorable Anne, page 52. Unmoving parts, page 60

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- Anne Hughes, GotM
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- Cherry Ross
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- Cora Donnington | thread
- Geraldine Jackson
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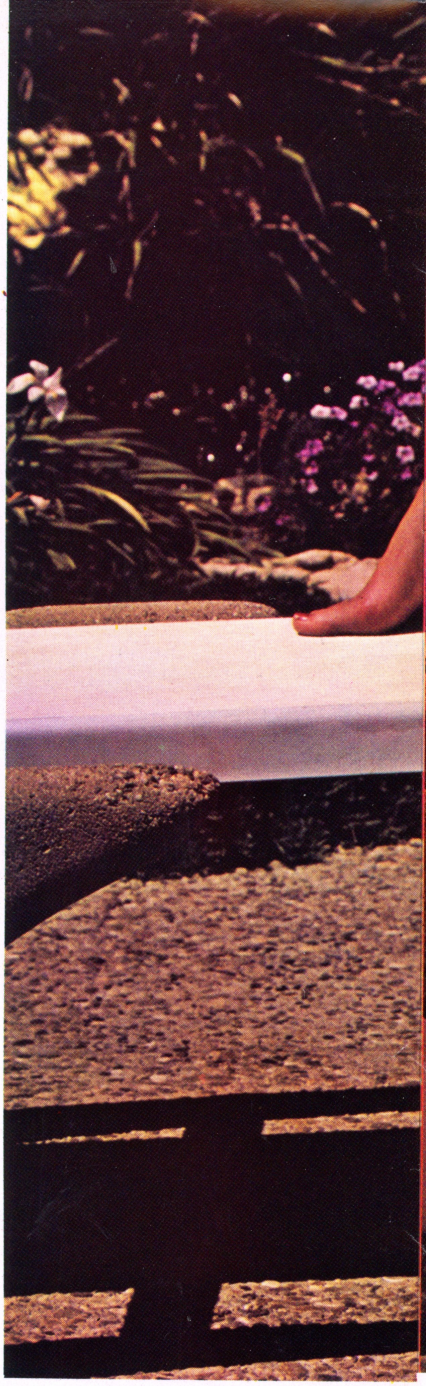
    2. post
- Lilias McDowall

GERALDINE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

This may not strike you as being the most ideal time of year to go skinny-dipping in an outdoor pool – unless of course you're a physical fitness fanatic who positively revels in the idea of damp, nude frolics in near-zero temperatures. If however you're as fortunate as 20-year-old Geraldine Jackson, whom Siwer Ohlsson whisked from her home town of Reading to a modelling assignment in the warmer and more glamorous climes of California, you can indulge yourself by bathing out-of-doors practically all year round. 'This is the life,' sighs Geraldine contentedly, stretching her 35–23–35 in the sun. 'It's better than work.'



When not lazing around in the California sun, Geraldine works as a receptionist in the office of a local manufacturing concern. 'Not a particularly demanding job, but the people are nice and that makes up for a lot. What I'd really like is a challenging job where I could use my brains. I know most men find that a bit of a laugh as far as girls are concerned, but I don't see any reason why a girl shouldn't have a body and be clever with it.' Geraldine tosses back her slicked-down mane of hair in indignation, her taut-nippled breasts sending a shower of silver water droplets glinting into the sunlight. She shivers slightly as tiny goose-pimples appear on her smooth, lightly-tanned body. 'One of the hazards of nude modelling,' she grins, 'but I do find the feeling of water drying on bare boobs strangely erotic.' A shy smile. 'It makes me damp in other places.'

Geraldine pauses. 'Is that a bit of an admission to make? I've surprised myself in some ways by agreeing to model nude as I never thought I'd have the nerve to do it, but now that I have, I've discovered new things about myself. I found it all rather a turn-on – the thought of thousands of men seeing me like this. It's a very erotic feeling. My friends in Reading all thought it was very out of character. Some of the boys are impressed because they can now boast that they know a real-life *Mayfair* model and one or two of my girlfriends may be sufficiently encouraged by what I've done to have a go at modelling themselves.' Geraldine giggles. 'Who can tell, I may have unwittingly started a whole new trend among Reading's girls.' Time, as they say, will tell.

CHERRY
PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

No, female librarians are not, as a breed, comfortable matronly ladies with their hair in a bun and dressed in sensible brogues and tweeds. Of course some are, but others are as deliciously tempting as 22-year-old Cherry Ross, whose presence behind a library counter in the London suburbs of Essex must make paying overdue fines a positive pleasure. 'I do have something else in common with more traditional librarians too,' smiles Cherry, 'the fact that I wear glasses, although as you can see, mine are a little bit trendier than the normal horn-rimmed type. I don't know whether it's the effect of poring over books all day long, but I've yet to come across a librarian without glasses.'

Cherry, who measures a pert 34A–22–34, was born in Loughton and has lived and worked in the surrounding area for the best part of her life. 'I moved into London to share a flat a couple of years back,' she remarks, 'but I didn't like it that much. Besides, I'm only an hour at most from the West End where I am now.' Cherry's library work involves her in fairly long hours 'which I.don't mind,' she maintains, 'as it gives me a good chance to browse through new books. I like historical romances and thrillers. Sexy novels ? Not really, though I do confess to a secret taste for Harold Robbins. He sets my fantasies racing. *Private* ones!'

ANNE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ROY BREWINGTON

Eighteen-year-old Anne Hughes, who fills a tape-measure to the tune of 37–25–37, hails from the town of Ashby-de-la-Zouch in Leicestershire – a town which is steeped in history and deeds of derring-do, as Anne is swift to point out. 'Where I went to school,' she says, 'which was then the Ashby Girls Grammar, they were very keen on local history and as a result I reckon I'm pretty clued-up as to what went on.'

'Ashby,' continues Anne, 'is where the Earls of Huntingdon once had their castle. After the battle of Edgehill in the Civil War, it became a Royalist stronghold and held out for over a year when it was under seige by Cromwell's forces. Ashby has also featured in literature. Sir Walter Scott used the town as the scene of the famous tournament between the Black Knight and Ivanhoe in the book of the same name.' Anne grins. 'Not bad stuff from a girl who left school at the end of the 5th Form, eh?' After leaving school, Anne took a secretarial course with a view to becoming a secretary with a local estate agent, but sadly, that job never materialised so Anne turned to modelling.

By now, Anne has undertaken a wide variety of modelling assignments, but it was gratifying that it was to *Mayfair* that she turned for her first break. 'What I'd like to do now,' maintains Anne, 'is to get into movies. I think that would be the next logical step after appearing in magazines. I wouldn't mind doing a sexy movie because so many "name" actresses nowadays do nude work, it's become quite an acceptable thing to strip in a film. If the offer of a slightly risque part was offered to me, I don't think I'd have any qualms about accepting it. Who knows, I might find it all a huge turn-on and end up doing more!'

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH/ANNE HUGHES

LILIAS

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

It began with a letter that dropped onto the Editor's desk one morning. A charming and ingenuous note. It said: 'I am original and exclusive and we could make beautiful pictures for your magazine. I have been reading *Mayfair* for years and feel I have a lot to offer. I am 25 years old, 35–23–35 and weigh eight stone (naked of course). Lilias McDowall.'

Who could resist such a letter? We just had to meet Lilias. So she came to London and turned out to be a quiet and thoughtful girl who liked music and reading and occasionally wrote poetry. She was living with her parents on a reasonably remote farm in Ayrshire. One night as she sat hugging her knees and meditating on her uneventful life she suddenly thought: I shall do something really daring like posing in the nude. So she wrote to *Mayfair*. Lilias, like Scotland, had been moved to do her own thing. We liked all that we saw, for Lilias has an indefinable something; a mixture of shyness with sex-appeal, profiled by curves as eye-catching as Scotland's own Highland peaks. Lilias was born in England of Scottish parents, but by the time she was 16 she was back in Scotland working on her father's farm, helping with the mucking out and the milking.

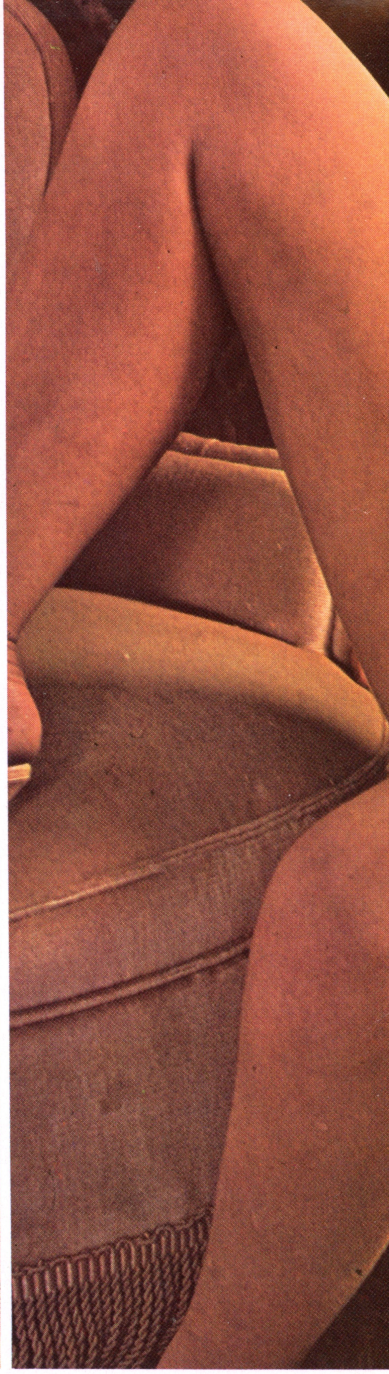
In her spare time she would walk the hills, listen to the wind and watch waves breaking on the nearby shore. At night she would read voraciously anything she could lay hands on, including her brother's copy of *Mayfair*. Thus was the great idea born. And now that Lilias has done her daring thing, what now? 'I think I'd like to travel,' she says in that thoughtful voice. 'Perhaps to the foothills of Everest where I could listen to the lamas and learn to meditate. Or I'd like to go to the West Indies and bask on the coral beaches beneath the palms.' Then wistfully: 'But I even get homesick in London. Perhaps I'll just go home and read a good book.'

CORA

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

There is, as the advertising jingles and slogans would have us believe, 'A difference at McDonald's you'll enjoy,' and with counterhands like 22-year-old Cora Donnington serving up your tasty hamburgers and french fries, maybe for once an advertisement bears some relation to the truth. 'Before you start eulogising,' breaks in Cora gently, 'it's only fair to say that I don't work for McDonald's any more. I was with them for just under eight months at one of their London branches last year, but I've now moved on to pastures new.' Cora smiles. 'It was great fun, but it was absolute murder on the feet!'

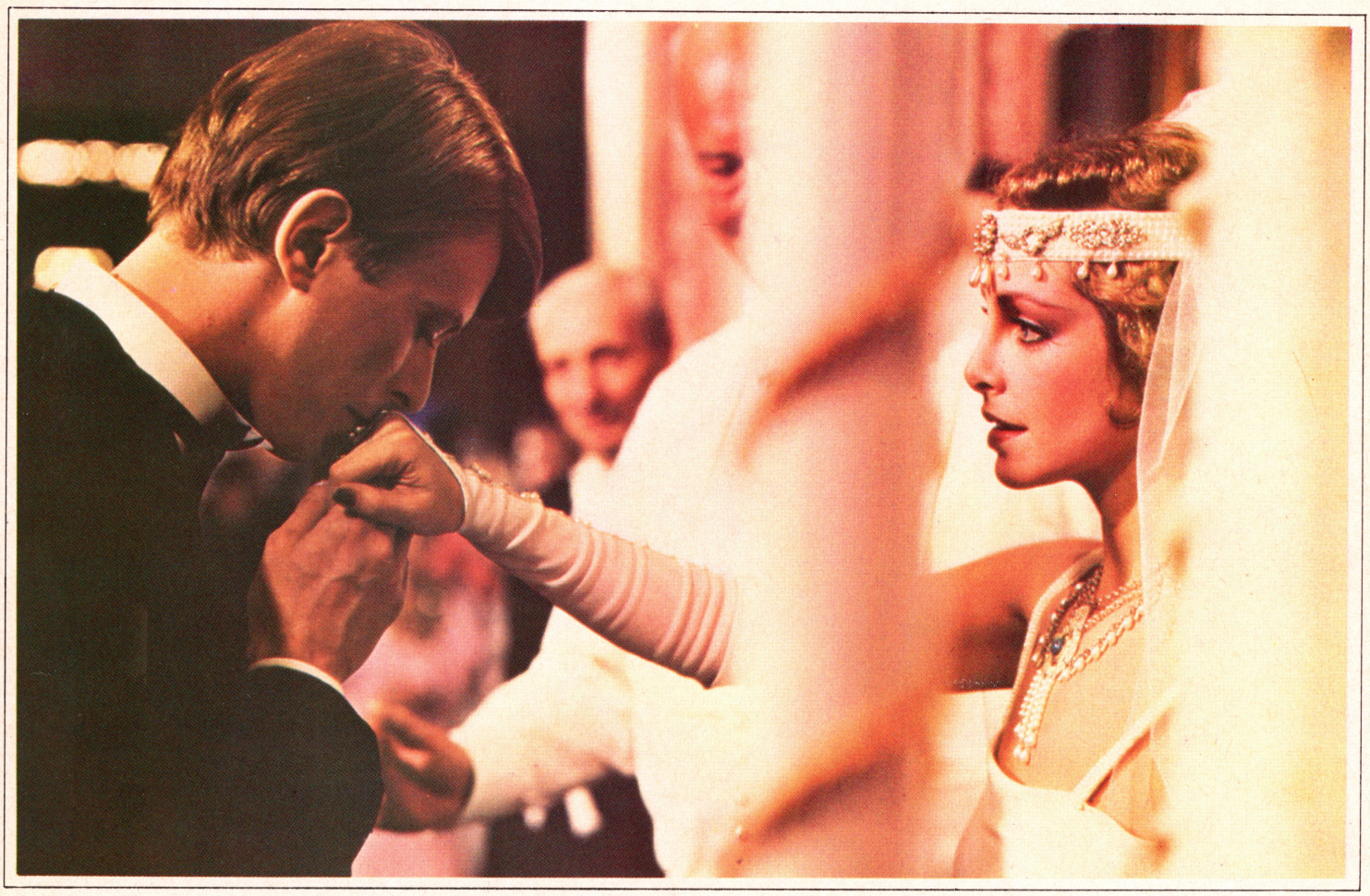
'You see,' explains Cora, 'the whole idea behind McDonald's is fast food, so you don't keep people waiting. Counter service is like greased lightning. In fact, if a hamburger isn't sold within a couple of minutes of being cooked, it's thrown away to avoid the need for re-heating. Not that that happens often though as they're so good, we have a job to keep pace with the demand. One thing I quite enjoyed about the job was the dinky little uniform which they gave you to wear. Some of the girls didn't like them that much, but I thought they were quite sexy – just the teensiest little bit see-through. If you had nothing underneath it was fun!'



Cora's latest rig-out, although hardly dinky, is certainly see-through and undeniably sexy, showing off her 36B–23–35 to the optimum effect. Bearing in mind the flood of enquiries after cover-girl Carolyn Evans had appeared in a similar piece of erotic underwear in V13/10 last year, we thought we'd forestall enquiries this time by asking Cora where she bought it. 'I can't really be much help,' she confesses, 'because a boyfriend brought it back from abroad. I don't know what you'd call it – it's part suspender-belt, part waspie, part vest, but it has that rare quality of being practical and sexy at the same time.' And it looks good too!

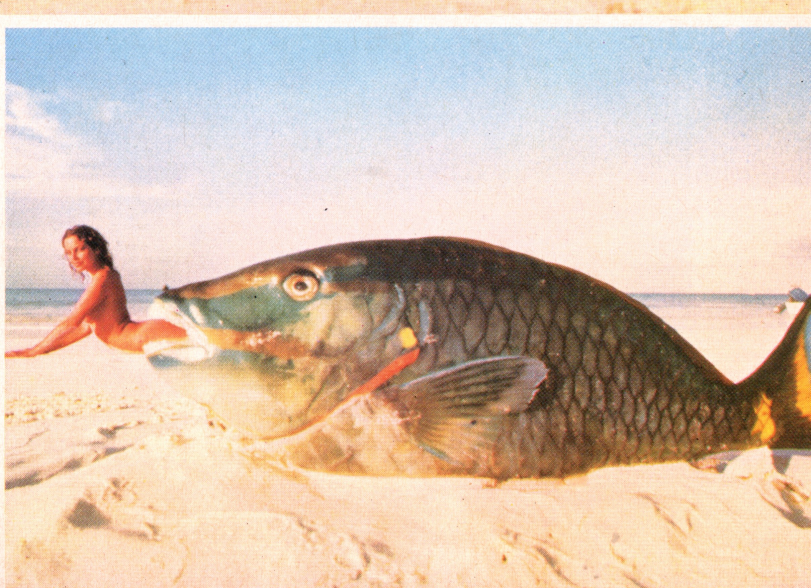
Sydne Rome

David Bowie's nudest co-star



Even though she's blessed with the looks of an elfin-faced Julie Christie, a girl with a name like Sydne seems destined to a life packed full of misunderstandings. Perhaps it's just as well then that this American-born rising starlet of cinema and television decided to begin her career in a place where all manner of languages are spoken and odd names are the rule rather than the awkward exception. In other words, she came to Europe and ever since she's been doing very well, thank you. In a few short years her acting partners have included some of this continent's most prestigious male stars – German actor Helmut Berger (star of Visconti's classic *The Damned*), Italian superstar Marcello Mastroianni (in Roman Polanski's bizarre sex comedy *What?*), and now English rock superstar David Bowie.

The film is called *Just A Gigolo* – and Bowie's second film after the much acclaimed *The Man Who Fell To Earth*. Set in Berlin in the twenties, Sydne plays Cilly, a cabaret singer in love with Bowie, a young ex-lieutenant suffering from shell-shock. He survives by becoming a gigolo to ageing beauties. Meanwhile Cilly's career thrives. She's invited to Hollywood and only returns home after three years.



Now she's ready to settle down with a wealthy but aged Prussian prince. An exotic, not to say erotic wedding ensues, during which Bowie and bride say final goodbyes in one last bacchanalian orgy. Aged 29, Sydne lives – appropriately enough – in Rome with her husband, lensman Emilio Lari, who took these pictures on a holiday on the Bahaman island of Spanish Wales. So lie back and enjoy the grandeur that is Rome.

SCENE

We start this month with some sad but unavoidable news. As from our next issue – Vol 14 No 4 – *Mayfair's* cover price will rise to 75p. This will be our first price increase since the end of 1976, a period of well over two years during which many purchases have almost doubled in price. *Mayfair* during this period has remained absolutely stable, however, despite increases in paper, printing and distribution costs. Regrettably we can no longer absorb these increases ourselves and are reluctantly compelled to pass a proportion on to you in the form of a higher cover price. Readers familiar with the men's magazine market will realise that we've held our current 60p cover price longer than any of our major competitors; *Knave* for example went to 75p a full year ago and many magazines in our field can now cost upwards of £1. One thing that won't change though is the unrivalled value for money that even a 75p price tag on *Mayfair* still represents. Our basic issue size will still be 116 pages, which is bigger than any of our British rivals, while 'bonus issues' of 132- and even 148-pages will still regularly come your way at no increase in price. We're all conscious of the fact that this price increase will mean that we'll all have to try just that little bit harder to produce a magazine justifying the extra expense, so to set the ball rolling, our next issue will be in the way of a 'softener' for the new 75p cover price – a 132-page Spring special crammed-full of girls, features, fiction, jokes and all the little 'extras' that make *Mayfair* Britain's top magazine for men.

This month's fiction piece is entitled Mucho Machismo and it introduces a new writer to our pages. He's Philip Cleife, who came to writing after a ten-year spell in the RAF; the running of his own airline based in the West Country; and a spell as 'mine host' at a pub on Dartmoor. Philip is now an established writer with numerous magazine credits to his name in addition to *Airway To The Isles* – an autobiographical work – and the successful novels *The Pinchbeck Masterpiece, The Slick and the Dead,* and *The Zuss Imperative*. He now divides his time between England and Ibiza.

One of the magazine's most valuable features over the years has been Quest, where both male and female interviewees talk with the utmost candour about their sexual experiences. This month, our Quest interview team have racked up a 'first': a single sex situation seen through the eyes of each participant, namely a man, his ex-wife and his current lover. As regular readers will know, Quest interviews are normally concerned with entirely separate incidents and participants, but our Quest research team felt that in dealing with a subject like 'the Eternal Triangle' it would provide a unique and valuable insight into this phenomenon if all three parties could be persuaded to talk. To achieve this aim involved months of painstaking preparation, and the resulting provocative interviews begin on page 91.

A question we're asked more than any other about the production of *Mayfair* is where do we get our girls? We're not going to divulge any trade secrets, but the fact is that there's never any shortage – moreover some girls will go to astonishing lengths in order to persuade us that they're worth a photoset in the magazine. Take Elizabeth Hogben for example. For some time now she's been trying to make our pages and even went on a special diet to slim down to *Mayfair*-maiden size. We felt she still didn't quite measure up, but undeterred, Elizabeth pressed on to achieve her ambition. When the chance came for her to be photographed nude early one morning in the precincts of St Paul's Cathedral she leapt at it, and the results are on pages 108/9.

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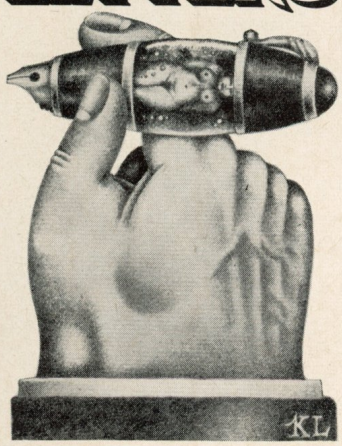
King
H.M. Government Health Departments

'I always seem to get bottom marks in biology, Headmaster.'

LETTERS



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Many, many thanks for your article 'Hands up all Fifth Form Fumblers', in Vol 13 No 12.
I am happily married to a beautiful French volcano and have been living and working in the south of France for two years. Needless to say I am more than content with my love life, and we often discuss our experiences in our younger days. Paul Drew's article is the nearest thing I have read to the truth. Many of my generation (I am 33 years old) can easily identify with this article. More to the point it has given me the means to prove my story to my wife who thinks, or rather thought, that I was telling a very funny story. You see, contrary to popular belief the French start later than us, but when she read the story with me (we read *Mayfair* together – she is a professor of modern language) she was most surprised.
Brian Gill, Toulouse, France

Thank you for a superb Christmas issue of *Mayfair*. It was even better than usual – which is a near impossibility.
Mayfair is the best men's magazine, with informative articles of interest to everyone, brilliant short stories, and the sexiest girls ever photographed.
For once I found it hard to choose my own favourite girl. But if I had to make a decision, it would be 17-year-old Jan Fairbrother; and my choice of photo – Jan removing her panties.
A S, Hull

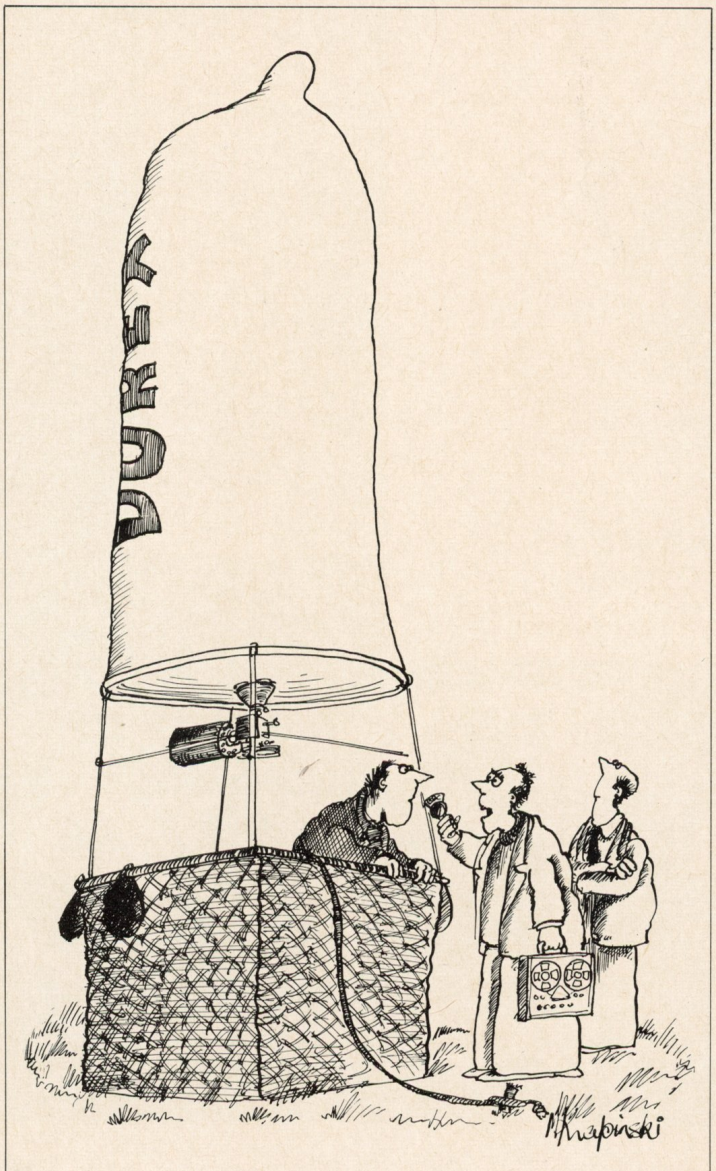
Having just read the Christmas edition I noticed a letter from Miss W R of Manchester who says she is in need of a good spanking. If that is so, she should have given her name and address so I could contact her on this subject – unless, of course, she is dreaming.
P D, Liverpool

If Miss W R of Manchester (Vol 13 No 12) would care to contact me at my address I can assure her of a spanking good time.
R S, Bramhall, Cheshire

I had to write in response to the letter from Miss W R of Manchester about spanking. I am a young man and adore spanking girls' bottoms and I enjoy it even more if I know that my victim is enjoying it too.
I wish I had a girlfriend like Miss W R who enjoys being spanked. I haven't had the good fortune to meet a girl who is keen on spanking.
I would love to oblige Miss W R by taking her panties down and soundly smacking her bottom until it is nice and red. I would gladly use a cane, riding crop, or hairbrush on her backside if this appealed to her.
Why aren't there more girls like Miss W R around who enjoy a good sound spanking?
A T, Newcastle

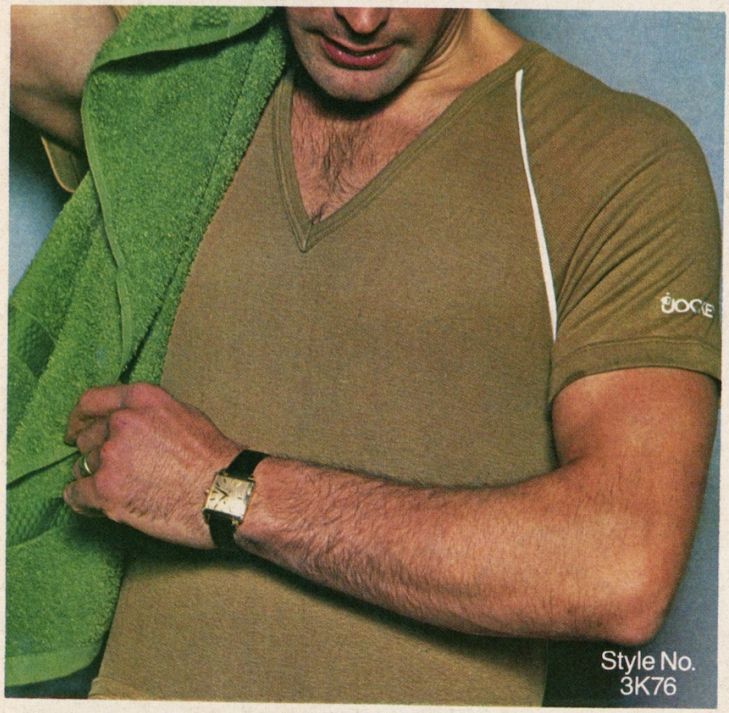
I am a normal woman-loving man, yet have what is now becoming an accepted sexual trait – a fetish. This is perhaps a blunt word for something which is part of all my sexual desires. My fetish is for feet, a subject only recently talked about. My obsession, however, is more exaggerated: I am attracted only to feet encased in nylon. I prefer to see women in tights (I implore you not to disbelieve me) and my ultimate turn on is a woman naked but for her tights.
I can understand cynics who would pass me off as weird. The fetish does cause problems. The first thing that I look at on a passing girl is her feet. The women who have beautiful feet and surround me in everyday life are understandably limited.
I do not understand why I am subject to this sexual deviation and on many occasions it has proved embarrassing. I have not brought my desires into the open.
The two women with feet who turn me on most are my cousin Sue and a friend's neighbour, Jane—names changed. Many times I have been seen to stare blatantly at Jane's feet but she takes no notice. Once while sitting on a couch next to her she raised her tight-clad foot next to me. She has a habit of flexing her toes and I felt every flex. I covered my erection with a cushion yet my whole body became rigid and I was filled with frustration and embarrassment.
Sounds crazy, doesn't it? But to put it in perspective I should just mention one of my fantasies.
I am in my friend's neighbour's sitting room with Jane. She is wearing slippers, but slips them off as she relaxes. She flexes her toes, I stare and she turns round. She moves into the kitchen to do some ironing and I follow her minutes later. I ask her: 'Why do you torment me so?' 'What do you mean?' she says. 'Flexing your toes like that.' 'Oh that,' she says, looking up for the first time and giving a sexy smile and slipping off her right slipper. She rubs her nail-varnished toes as if her foot was cold.
'Let me feel your bulge and you can warm them for me,' she says.
I grab her hand and stick it on my erection. She becomes excited and fumbles with my jeans belt but I remind her of the bargain.
She sits on the floor and I sit on an easy chair. As she lifts her foot up her skirt rucks up to her waist. I see her nylon-clad legs up to the waist. She

turn to page 12



'Would you care to tell the viewers who is sponsoring this attempt?'

Head and shoulders



above the rest.

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LETTERS

continued from page 10

slips her hand into her panties and uses her finger. Her eyes roll and she feels her breast with one hand pushing it up and down frantically. I grab her foot from between my legs and finger the expanses of nylon between her toes. I say I will suck her breasts if she will flex her feet over my penis.

She then pours fruit juice on my underpants as I undo my jeans and she removes her blue short top and lets her bra go free. Her breasts are ample with the dark nipples of a mature woman. She presses them to my face and they are warm and musty. She massages my scalp and scratches my neck then pulls me to the floor, licks the fruit juice from me and removes my underpants. She grabs my erection.

She sits on a chair and torments me by flexing her big toes over my penis.

One last plea. Would it be possible to picture a woman dressed only in tights?

G P, Cheshire

I am a man who likes my girls plump. Girls like Dawn Rimmington (Vol 13 No 10) and Franky Martin (Vol 13 No 11). They need not have big boobs only a full body. But when such a girl poses for a mag why does she cover her tummy when she should show it?

Franky was in five shots shown from the front and damned if she didn't cover her tummy in four of them.

Listen, you girls and *Mayfair* photographers – Roy, John, Ed, Herbert, Alan and Michel – we like a good full girl who has a pretty ass and tummy, so turn them so we can see them! Girls, open your legs, show your tummies and bottoms and be proud of them.

Thin may be in but fat is where it's at. Franky! I love you.

Mike Thompson, Karlstad, Sweden

What a delight the pictures of Franky Martin were (Vol 13 No 11). Most men's magazines seem to think their readers are made up of teenagers who are so skinny themselves they wouldn't dare tackle anything over 34-22-34 with their pelvic bones sticking out like something out of a Horror Camp.

Yes, what a girl Franky is, and any man who knows what girls are all about can see those magnificent 40-inchers are as firm as rocks, and that beautiful soft rounded belly with deep navel; those broad thighs; big firm fleshy bottom. Oh, how I could go on.

And why? Because I think one relates to a girl like Franky either because she reminds you of your own wife/girlfriend or is the opposite. In my own case it is my gorgeous secretary who has been with me seven years, and I hope forever. And Franky is the closest thing to her I've ever seen. 39-26-39. Firm like Franky and with the square gorgeous belly and deep navel into which one can sink one's penis.

Oral sex with her is unbelievable, and when she comes it is like the tide coming in.

Thank you Franky for being what you are – a delicious girl – and I love your gentle eyes too.

So please may we have more girls like Franky, but preferably more of Franky herself?

M K, Poole, Dorset

Janis Moorcroft (Vol 13 No 12) – Wow! More, please.

David McDonald, Dundee

A reader who wished to remain anonymous in Vol 13 No 12 opines that Soho striptease is not as good as it used to be. I disagree. At least, I feel that the allegation does not apply to my favourite haunt, although I must admit that I have not visited any other club recently. The establishment concerned is in the heart of Soho and I usually make a bee-line to it whenever I am in London, which is once every three months on average. This is long enough for them to change the acts, so the show is slightly different in format each time.

I was there recently, so I can describe a typical act as if from the audience.

About four feet directly in front of me is a neatly trimmed gyrating pussy. Its owner, a short but fairly attractive brunette, lies on her back completely naked with her legs toward me. She runs her hand up the inside of her leg, pausing at her crotch, and then over the rest of her body.

This act was not so much a striptease but a disrobing. The stripper commenced her act in a long, silvery, sideless dress. Not merely split to the thigh

turn to page 108

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LETTERS

continued from page 12

or waist, but completely sideless and held together by only three thread-like ties. Thus it took no imagination whatever to realise she had nothing on underneath. After a minute of dancing, she removed the dress and lay on the floor.
She bends each leg alternately during the full playing time of a pop record, meaning that her pussy is clearly displayed for at least two minutes. Then she rises, kneels on stage with her legs still open and leans back until her bottom meets the stage between her feet. Her head goes back and also touches the stage (and anyone who thinks that easy should try it). Finally, her feet come forward and she places her hands under her bottom, slowly raising it, giving the audience a last look at her vagina before the lights go out.
True, the act is about as subtle as an air raid, and the girls in the show don't go in for dazzling costumes, exotic backgrounds, or the artistic removal of one small piece of costume at a time. Neither does the club have a bar. However, most people go to a striptease club to see naked female bodies and not to see exotic clothing. And at £2, a ticket lasts all day. Of course if you really want to lash out, there are places with lush surroundings and all sorts of optional extras. Indeed if *Mayfair* would pay my expenses I would willingly visit these clubs to write the article the correspondent suggests.
R H, Bristol

I realise this is not the normal purpose of your letters pages, but could I be permitted to use them on this occasion to fix something that Jim never could (or would).
I want a painting of myself in the nude, so that in time I can look back on it and remember myself in my prime. I must point out that I am male.
My artist must be female, attractive and aged not more than 26 – my age.
Possibly an art student would be appropriate, but needless to say she should be talented enough to produce a painting which I would be happy to display to the world. I must say that I am perfectly serious about this request and while I cannot afford a lot, I could pay a modest fee and the cost of materials.
If there is a suitable lady reading this, or a gentleman who knows of someone, please contact me through *Mayfair* with details. I hope that *Mayfair* will not mind acting as post box, as I do not wish to broadcast what has been a very private ambition.
P H, Liverpool

On this occasion we'll allow you to canvass applicants.

I have a theory that the regularly seen page three girl, Nicki Debuse is Nicky Colman who appeared in *Mayfair* Vol 9 No 4. Would you care to comment?
R M, Stirling

Your theory is absolutely right. She is indeed Nicky Colman of Vol 9 No 4 and this was certainly her first appearance in any magazine since our photographer, Clive McLean, had actually spotted her at a bus stop and chatted to her. At that time we agreed to use the name Colman as her parents' telephone number was then in the phone book and being an unusual name, she felt she could easily be traced. Since then, however, she has become sufficiently famous for her real name to have been revealed.

I appreciated very much in Vol 13 No 12 Miss Bertha's examination, the Edwardian

My greatest ambition in life is to appear nude in *Mayfair* and to know that your two million readers are gazing at my naked body.
Although you were unable to offer me the opportunity of a modelling assignment, I had a chance to be photographed in London, using well-known places as backgrounds in an

erotic romp. This is not surprising; according to the letters from readers being turned on by doctors' examinations.
Could I suggest that you go further with the subject either in the Edwardian or modern times. No doubt you will then give fulfilment to many men – and women.
P S, Courbevoie, France

Recently I had a copy of *Mayfair* pushed into my hand-luggage en route from England. Although I am a woman, I must say that I enjoyed it very much.
Especially did I like the piece about the medical examination of Bertha Brownlow, because this brought back to me exciting memories of a school in Switzerland where I spent two happy years.
The matron was a health fiend and quite regularly we had to present ourselves to the doctor for a thorough medical. Your Edwardian pictures reminded me of the large room overlooking a garden, where there always seemed to be three girls undergoing inspection.
Whilst the last girl in would be nervously undressing behind a screen which gave little protection, and trying to decide what was meant by 'strip down to your panties', the girl ahead of her would be lying on the examination table with instructions to relax prior to blood pressure checks.

effort to catch your eye.
Now can I model for you, *Mayfair?* No one could be keener, of that I can assure you.
Elizabeth Hogben, Chessington, Surrey

Full marks for your enthusiasm, Elizabeth. What do readers think?

It was on one of these days, whilst I was lying on this 'relaxing' table, that it happened that the girl ahead of me was Lorna, a beautiful golden blonde whom I had for some time admired from afar. And there she was, standing so close I could almost touch her and the doctor was gently feeling her breasts which were small – but not too small, but with the fresh new nipples of a 19-year-old girl. Then I watched as the doctor put his stethoscope on Lorna's bare chest and listened to her heartbeats: then for what seemed minutes she was obediently carrying out orders to 'breathe in' and 'breathe out', with the doctor moving his stethoscope around her bare body.
After a long inspection of the front Lorna was ordered to remove her panties, and I know the strange feeling of helplessness she then had, standing before a handsome doctor, completely naked and knowing that every little part of you is being closely examined, and that your most intimate parts will be studied and that most of your body will be felt, as a necessary part of a strict medical examination.
As the next part followed it seemed to me that as a medical examination progresses to this stage there is even more than sight and touch: there is body smell, and this can be beautiful. Quite apart from the natural smell of a warm body, such as that coming from under the armpits, there is the scent of natural body juices.
Lorna was now standing with her back to the doctor and there was much feeling of her shoulders, prodding and tapping of her lovely, slightly-tanned back, and more soundings with the stethoscope. Then came the instructions to climb on the table and 'kneel and bend forward with your knees wide apart.'
Of course this made a highlight of Lorna's bottom, which I had already been admiring. Hers was rather smaller than mine and perfectly rounded. This was not unnoticed by the doctor, who first felt along the knobs of her spinal column; and then I saw Lorna give a twinge as he pulled even further apart the cheeks of her bottom.
By now I was feeling a little damp between my legs and I

turn to page 112

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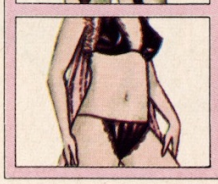

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LETTERS

continued from page 109

could hear my own heartbeats quicken when, aided by a bright light strapped to his forehead, the doctor peered into the deep valley between her cheeks. Then he put his rubber-gloved finger between the cheeks of this pretty bottom and into the moist, soft flesh. He must have gone in quite far as Lorna gave out a little squeal. It was hard not to laugh when she said: 'You're hurting my bum.'

Then came a short interval in body checks, and Lorna was told to provide a sample. Still naked, of course, and with an intrigued audience of three, she squatted on a glass bowl. I was caught unprepared when the doctor chose that moment to come over and gently place his stethoscope near my breast – it was hardly surprising that he was not happy: 'Just try and relax a little more,' he said.

Then he went back to Lorna who was now standing beside the examination table and was now directed to get on the table, lie on her back, with her legs in the special side pieces, which were quickly moved outwards for the vaginal examination.

As bright lights focused on this intimate part of her body, I saw Lorna close her eyes and I could see her beautiful tiny slit, damp and inviting, hardly covered by fair, silky hair; and that white-gloved hand about to enter her.

In a few minutes it would be my turn and I felt another splurge between my legs – and I could swear there was a bulge in the doctor's trousers. Now I think I understand why the girls went to the examination room in a trio. I believe the doctor was understanding and accustomed to having to cope with girls who became moist during examinations.

The doctor became more handsome every visit and we all wanted a private consultation, but both Lorna and myself had many more orders from matron to undergo medical examinations and it gave us more pleasure than fear to strip naked and, in the cause of good health, to have our bare bodies seen, felt and smelt by the good doctor.

Best of all, our first sharing of a 'common ordeal' started a close bond of friendship between Lorna and myself, and we have many very happy common interests.

Joan S, San Francisco, USA

I'd like to thank you for the spread, in Vol 14 No 1, of the delectable Jacci Lowes. This is one of the sexiest photo sets you have printed in your fantastic magazine. Jacci looks about ready for anything in her black basque and black stockings. Like a lot of men, I'm turned on by basques, stockings, suspender belts and G-strings and would love to see more girls displaying their obvious charms in this type of underwear. Also in leather and rubber. These all turn me on.

(Name and address supplied)

We basque in your praise.

I am a widower of 87 whose sexual experiences in old age will, I think, interest your readers. My wife died seven years ago when we were both 80 after 50 years of happy married life. I lived alone for five years and then decided that I missed her so badly that I realised the time had come to find a successor, not merely for companionship, but also for sexual activities. So I began to scan the Lonely Hearts columns of sexy magazines and eventually found an advertisement that appealed to me. The advertiser said she was 46 years of age and wished to communicate with a gentleman from 45 to 85. I wrote and asked if I would be acceptable to her. Somewhat to my surprise, she replied to say that she would be willing to exchange correspondence with me, and so began a series of letters in which we disclosed details of our past sexual experiences. Eventually we met and our correspondence developed into an intimate friendship during which we met frequently and indulged in many exciting sexual adventures. Unfortunately she has recently had to leave the district and our meetings have come to an end, although we still exchange letters.

'Widower'

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ

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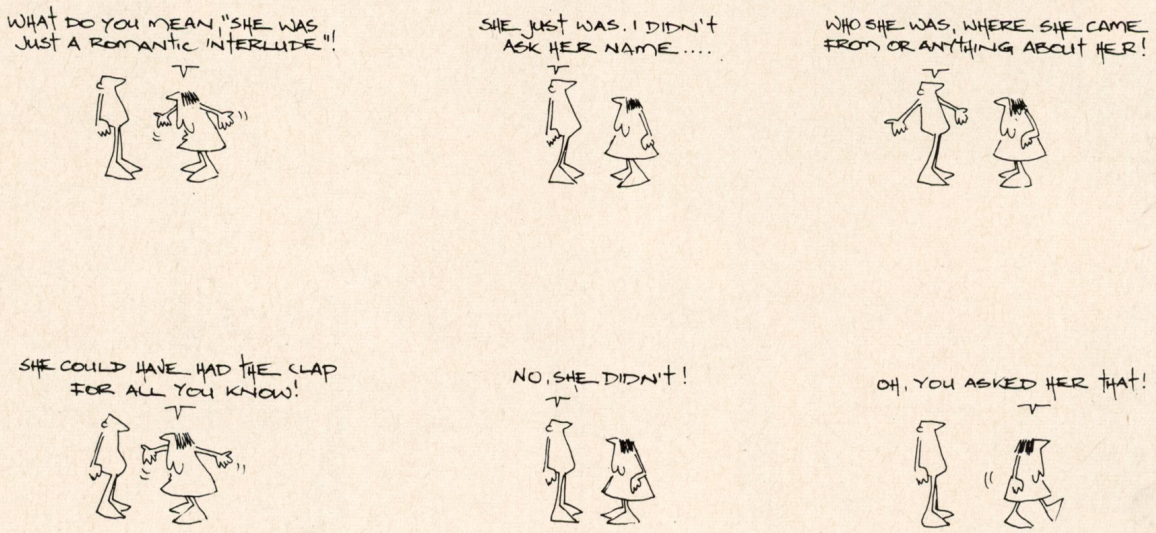
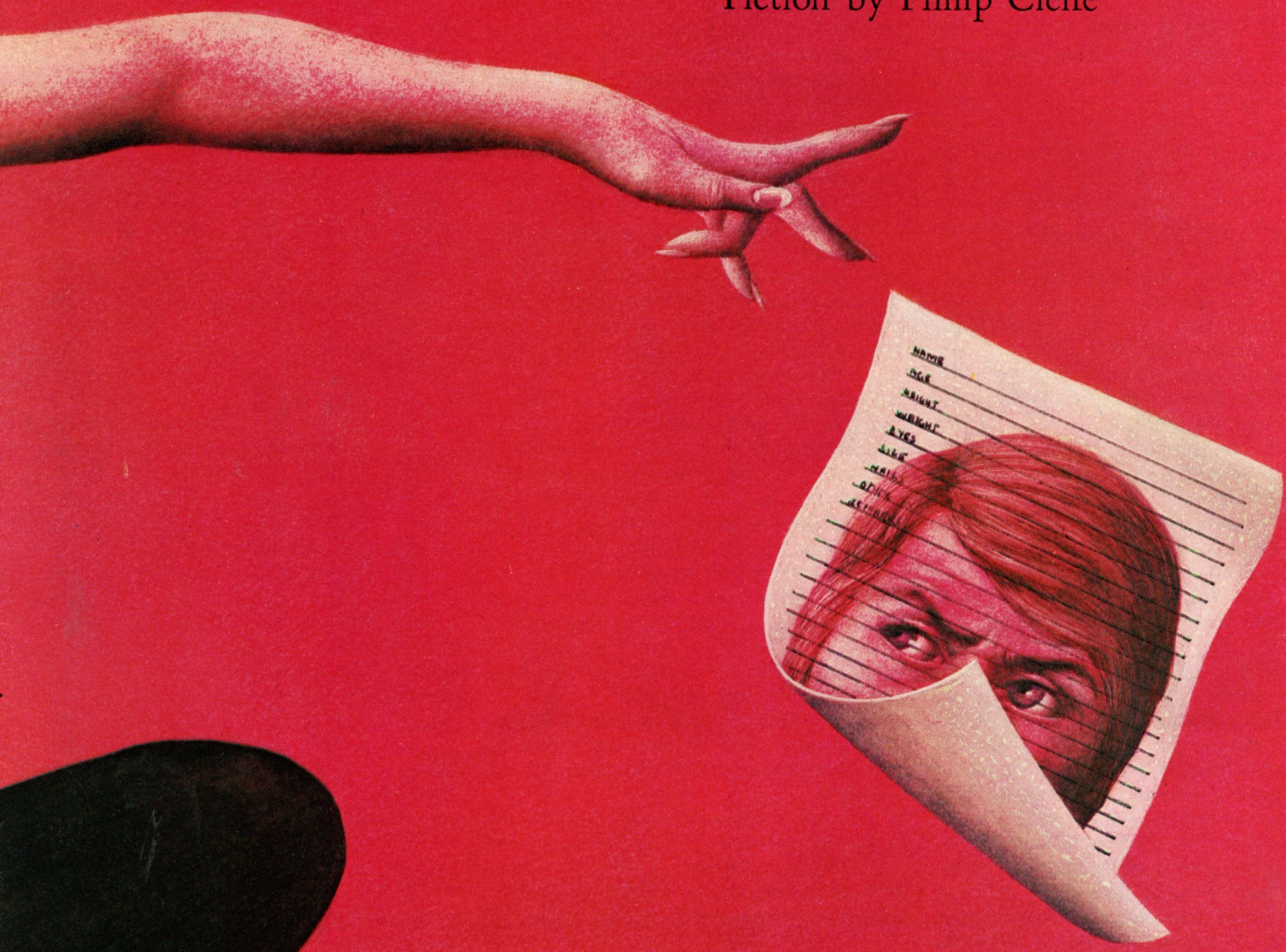


NAME
AGE
HEIGHT
WEIGHT

When a Times Personal Ad asks for a super-virile 'Spawnman' what red blooded Englishman would refuse?

Mucho Machismo

Fiction by Philip Cleife



'How would you rate that as a blind date?' George handed over *The Times*, his nicotine-stained index finger signposting the column.

I read the advertisement. Then I read it again. It was the sort you have to read again. Even in the Personal Column. And nothing could be more personal than this. 'Have you ever considered the blighted hopes of the childless couple? Can you

ILLUSTRATION BY JOHN HOLMES

visualize the sheer hell of frustrated motherhood? Can you raise genuine sympathy for the unfortunate husband – sterile through no fault of his own? If so would you help them by responding to the brood call? ACTIVE SPAWNMAN required. Essential – medically superfit, flawless physique, top-notch pedigree, good all-rounder at games, high IQ, easy mixer, personal magnetism, sexual potency, mucho machismo. Age no bar providing virility unimpaired. Payment for services if desired.'
There was a box number. I put the paper down.
'Well?'
'For my money, it's a phony.' I said.
'How come?'
'That's no mothering call.'
'What then?'
I thought about it. 'Might be a blue-rinse nympho desperately holding the menopause at bay while she goes shopping for a poke in the Personal . . . and if all else fails is willing to pay for it.'
He picked up *The Times* and re-read the column. Then he shook his head. 'I doubt it. Why should a menopausal nympho want to specify a centre-forward or a Wimbledon seed?'
I thought again. 'A gay freak suddenly gone cosmic,' I suggested.
He rejected that one too. 'What pansy worries about a high IQ?'
'All right,' I said, 'a crackpot nutter. After all it *is* the Personal Column and you can expect anything there.'
'No way,' he countered. 'How does a sick joker tie in with a top-notch pedigree? It makes no sense.'
'A well wrapped-up cipher then – all the best spies use the Personals.'
'Too wrapped up. They're usually simpler – Janey-must-speak-to-Tom-Strand-Place-usual-time sort of thing. This one is too specific.'
'Oh well . . . nympho, queer, nutter or special agent . . . help yourself.' I took up the paper again and turned to the sports pages.
He leaned forward and slowly pushed it down again to recapture my attention. 'Why don't you answer it and find out?'
I looked at him. The man was serious. 'During the course of my past emotional encounters,' I said, 'I've been called a licentious whoremonger, a crotch-struck libertine, a rutting stag and a lecherous rake. But as yet nobody has ever accused me of being an active spawnman.'
'There has to be a first time,' he observed.
'If you're that curious, why don't you answer it yourself?' I challenged.
'With an appendectomy only six weeks gone, I wouldn't qualify as medically superfit.'
'Well, for my part I don't reckon to be the answer to a time-expired *manqué*-maiden's prayer so that rules us both out. Forget it.'
I picked up *The Times* again.
'Pity. You used to have a sense of adventure . . . that way,' he added pointedly.
'I still have. But male prostitution isn't my scene.'
He went silent for a minute – chewing it over. I got down to the sports pages. Then he prodded my knee. He seemed to be struggling with some inner excitement. 'What intrigues me,' he confided in a semantic whisper, 'is that bit about *mucho machismo.*'
'In what way?' I put the paper down again. How the heck can you catch up with the sports news when he goes on like this?
'She could be . . .' he gave a meaningful nudge '. . . a beautiful heiress.'
'You're crazy. If she's beautiful and she's an heiress why on earth should she need to advertise for it?'
'Man, get subtle. Tune your vibes. She's beautiful . . . but kinky.'
'If she wants it from the Personal Column, she has to be.'
'As I picture her . . .' he was beginning to tremble '. . . she's a voluptuous glossy – a real sexed-up Salome with a king-sized lust, tits like over-inflated footballs and lovely child-bearing hips that simply cry out for ravishment.'
'George,' I said firmly, 'for God's sake stop running the tip of your tongue over your upper lip like that. I can't stand it.'
He stopped doing it. 'I'm just telling you what she's like,' he protested. 'I reckon she's had 'em all – the spasm Romeos, the showbiz studs, the mattress muggers . . . the lot. And she's bored. Browned off with the lot of them. Now, I figure, she's looking for a new sensation. Completely different. Someone with brains as well as balls – someone she can talk to afterwards.'
I could feel my lower jaw hanging. 'Don't you see . . .?' he pressed his point home. 'That's why she's advertised for a custom-built de luxe specification – she's hoping to discover Mister Everything.'
'Listen,' I interposed gently, 'I don't reckon to be a shrinker but there's nobody else around. So . . . get on to that couch, mate.'
I had him worried. 'Couch? What d'you think is wrong with me then?'
'You're suffering from an impacted libido,' I diagnosed, 'and if you don't control your sexual fantasies, they'll drive you up the wall.'
'I get a lot of enjoyment out of my sexual fantasies,' he replied. 'They're bred from the hormones of truth.'
'If it's the truth you're after,' I counselled, 'it is that – very probably – we are both of us wrong. So why don't we take that advertisement at its face value and accept what it says?' Privately I didn't believe a word of it but I had to put over something to calm him down.
'D'you mean all that crap about the frustrated mothering instinct?'
'Yes. But your trouble is that your mind is so channelled to the erotic that you reject the obvious even when it's down there in black and white.'
He rubbed the side of his nose. 'Well . . . I suppose it just could be.'
'Allow it's a possibility.' I felt I was making progress.
'But even so and it's nothing more than a case of unfulfilled wifey yearning for the foetal kicks of the little man in possession . . .' He gave me a long look '. . . it might still turn out to be an interesting experience.'
'What would?'
'To come to her rescue . . . if you'll excuse the pun.'
'I won't. But why interesting?'
He shrugged. 'You never know your luck – she might prove to be a blonde sun-tanned raver who was Miss Mediterranean of nineteen something-or-other.'
'Oh Christ . . . there you go again!'
'If it weren't for my suture scars, I'd have a bash at it myself.'
'No problem, have a bash by proxy.'
He brightened. 'Proxy . . .? How d'you mean?'
'Simple. You reply to the advertisement and then go and case the joint. If she turns out to be a voluptuous heiress or a Mediterranean beauty queen, just send for me.'
'Buster, why should I do all the spade work just for your filthy benefit?'
'To satisfy your carnal curiosity; you're the one that's so interested.'
I could see that it was still nagging him. He picked up *The Times*, turned back to the Personal and jabbed at it. 'Read it again,' he said. 'You don't seem to realize it but you are typecast as a natural for this scenario so why not follow it up? If it turns out to be menopausal desperation or a sick joke, you can always throw it away. But it *might* just be the Big Time in which case you'd kick yourself to death for having missed out on it. Either way you can't go wrong.'
In the past I've several times faced disaster out of propositions in which either way you couldn't go wrong. But against all my better judgement his crafty insinuations about a voluptuous heiress were beginning to bite.
'Okay,' I agreed. 'I'll chase it up and find out exactly what is the form.'
'Keep me posted,' he pleaded.
So I replied to the advert. Taking care to give George's name. It was a week before I received the perfunctory acknowledgement – would I call for interview at eleven-thirty am the following Wednesday? Just that. But nice address. Belgrave Square. Just the place for a wealthy heiress to have her London pad.
Promptly at eleven-thirty I pressed the bell-push. The visitors' intercom asked and I

'I know what après means – but what's ski-ing?'

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Mucho Machismo

continued from page 16

answered. The front door lock slid back and I entered the hall and took the lift up to the mezzanine and pressed another bell push. The door opened on its own and I entered the small vestibule. An inner door was open.

'Please come in.'

Interesting voice – actressy with mannered vowels and come-hither undertones. I paused to run a comb through my hair and then made my entrance. She came from the window to meet me and I liked what I saw. Give or take a fraction she was in the 36–23–36 bracket with a slinky dress running to a deep deep plunge and a display of cleavage that not even a moderately nice girl would sport before seven-thirty in the evening. Her honey blonde hair had that just-a-bit-tousled look that takes hours to arrange. But it was her big boudoir eyes that turned me on most – they had that sexy glazed look which soulfully unzips you. She'd take you for a ride would this one – a Ferrari sort of ride.

I came to my decision instantly. I didn't give a damn whether she was rapacious heiress or unfulfilled wifey – either way her problem was solved. She returned to the window table, sat down and taking a large sheet of office paper, fed it into a typewriter. 'Mr George Henderson . . .?'

I nearly blurted out 'no' but suddenly remembered. 'That's right.'

She typed it out and, checking against my letter which I could see was there, typed in the address. Then she held me in a long critical gaze. Undressing me.

'Well . . . will I do?' You've got it made, I told myself.

'So far, so good.' A half-smile. 'But first let's have the preliminaries.'

'Go ahead,' I said indulgently. If it's the foreplay you want, I'm your man.

'We'll begin with your vital statistics,' she announced.

'Steady there. . . surely you don't mean. . . ?'

'No I don't,' she countered sharply, 'length is immaterial.'

'It's not that I'm . . . inadequate, I just don't fancy being measured.'

She dismissed the thought. 'Your height?'

'Five feet, nine inches. Does it matter?'

'If it didn't I wouldn't ask. Weight?' She typed in my height.

'Twelve stone.'

She typed that in too. Then looked up at me. 'Any history of congenital epilepsy, poliomyelitis, cardio vascular, whooping cough, asthma, diabetes . . .'

'Listen, darling,' I protested, 'I'm not here for a life insurance.'

'. . . or syphilis?' she concluded.

'*No!*' I shouted it, '. . . no to all of them.'

I waited while she typed in all the noes. Then I thought it was time I took the initiative. 'About your advertisement,' I said. 'I'm not clear about what it is exactly you have in mind.'

'*I* haven't anything in mind.'

'That's a pity.' Delete Ferrari, substitute bicycle.

'That's what they all say.'

'*They* . . . ?'

'You're the ninety-sixth application. Now I'm short listing them.' I sniffed loudly. 'I don't care much for being one of the herd.'

'If that deflates your ego you'll need more staying power to last the course.'

'It doesn't deflate my ego, I just don't like queueing that's all.'

'None of the others seem to worry about it.'

'I wish you wouldn't keep on harping about the others. I'm different.'

'So you may be but don't get so uptight about it. On my short list so far the odds work out at six to one against you already.'

'I usually reckon to stay two lengths ahead against odds like that,' I put in loftily.

'Well, you'll soon know.' A buzzer sounded. She took up the internal handset. 'Yes, he's here waiting . . . rightaway? . . . Will do.' She hung up. 'She'll see you now,' she informed me.

'She . . . ?'

'Herself . . . and just for the record, I'm the secretary.'

A surge of relief – suddenly all was explained. She took what was beginning to look like my police dossier from the typewriter, crossed to the door of an inner room, opened it and called inside, 'Mister George Henderson.'

I paused to brace myself for the big moment. If the secretary puss was a sex package then Herself could be a Raquel Welch materialization. Trembling slightly from the excitement of it, I entered the room.

The beautiful heiress was seated behind a table desk on a large revolving chair. Large because it had to be. I put her at over fifteen stone and on the wrong side of fifty. She ran to a haystack hair-do, bulging wrestlers' biceps and powerful masculine hands from which a karate chop would be fatal.

I looked round quickly for escape. The secretary puss, having placed my dossier on the desk had just closed the door behind her. Women and children first. So I just stood there facing her – she didn't ask me to sit down.

She picked up my dossier and began to read the entries. She was one of those who read with a pointer – in this case a steel paper knife which ran with her eye swiftly from item to item. At the same time she read them out aloud – a detestable habit employed by senior bosses when they want to make you feel small. But she didn't sound harsh, more a professional sort of voice, impersonal but not unfriendly.

'*H'mm* . . . five feet nine – good – I can't cope with Ronnie Corbetts . . .' I believed that '. . . a hundred and sixty-eight pounds – nothing the matter with that . . . physiognomy . . .' she looked up at me through pebble lenses and scanned my countenance until I began to fidget. '. . . bone structure symmetrical – features unencumbered – good . . . last week I had one with rabbit's teeth and another with a De Gaulle nose. I wouldn't touch either.'

'Edward Heath would be disappointed,' I murmured.

'Good healthy normality,' she declared, 'absolutely essential.'

I was beginning to think that good healthy normality was about the last thing to expect here. But I said nothing.

She returned to my dossier. 'Play rugger?' she demanded.

'I used to play halfback for the Astorians.'

'Fine . . . I like a good games player.'

I shivered. Obviously a heavyweight sexual gymnast who'd break your back.

'I ask a lot of my chaps,' she put in, observing my doubts.

'You certainly seem to want to know all about them.'

'All their records are cross-indexed and then computerized. That way I can get an immediate print out of exactly what I want when I want it.'

There didn't seem to be anything to say to that so I didn't say it.

She wrote in my dossier. 'Now let's get down to your sexual analysis.'

Uh huh! Here it comes.

'Are you abundant?' she enquired.

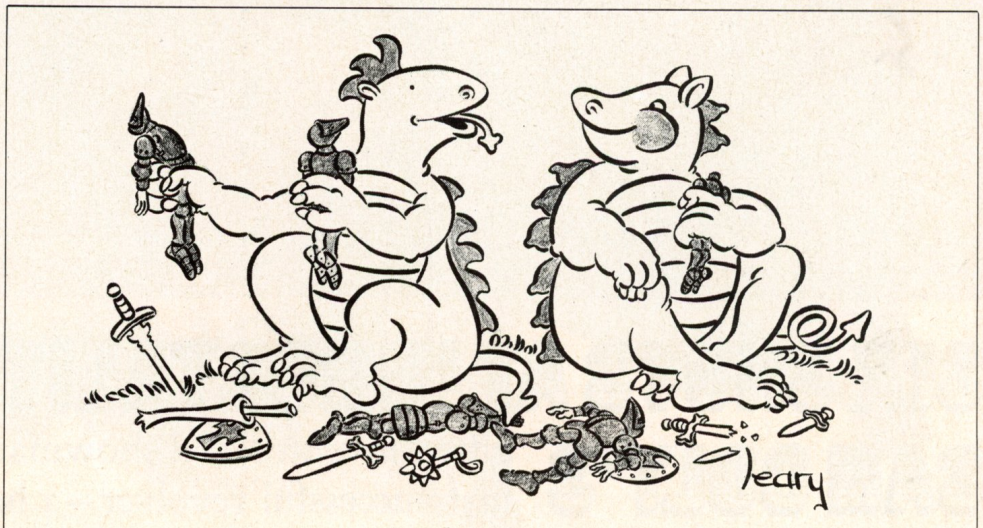
'I've never had any complaints so far.'

'I don't mean it that way . . . are you fertile?'

'No one has ever pinned anything on me,' I said guardedly.

She raised the steel paper knife and carefully aimed it at such an elevation that had it been shot from a catapult, it would

turn to page 106



'Are they safe to suck!'

Mucho Machismo

continued from page 35

have castrated me. 'Ever had any trouble down there?' she asked.

'Sunshine,' I said, 'while you've every right to want to feel reassured, the question makes a dismal opener for a romp on a tiger skin rug.'

'Better come clean, if the prophylactic test is positive, you're out!'

'It's positively *no!*' Who the heck does this lady think she's pushing around?

'Good, and now for the sixty-four thousand dollar question – do you freeze?'

I stared. 'I'm quite comfortable, thank you.'

She leaned back, reminiscing. 'Two weeks ago I thought I'd found an all-time winner Blond beast, two-hundred pounds of red-blooded animal, all-rounder gamesman, plus fertility factor, high sperm count, PhD; you name it he'd got it.'

'But still he couldn't make it?' I asked it with a sadistic relish.

'Would you believe it, the guy wouldn't freeze.'

'That hot-blooded was he?' The relish dissipated.

'Three times I tried but . . . no joy,' she sighed. 'It's maddening – I must have good freezers but some of them just won't, I've no idea why.'

'That let's me out,' I said it with relief, 'because I'm no Eskimo myself.'

'If you can't stand minus 196 degrees Centigrade, you're no good to me.'

'*Minus* 196 degrees? Say . . . what sort of an orgy is this?'

'I can't afford waste, we've a space problem at the bank. I'm limited to two-hundred ampoules and that's nothing like enough to meet the demand.'

'Bank . . ? What bank?' Bizarre and horrible thoughts were invading me.

'My sperm bank of course, the one I have at St Francis's Hospital.'

I choked. Then I looked upwards and spoke quiet words to the ceiling as it crashed down upon me.

She was glaring at me now. 'D'you mean you've come here for interview today and you've never heard of the Stubbs Clinic?'

'Yes I have but I didn't connect it with the advertisement. I'm sorry to disappoint you but artificial insemination just isn't my scene.'

'Pooh! Twenty years ago when I was pioneering, I remember one of my first donors said that to me. But within a month he was hooked and ever since he's been a dedicated fifty-one ampoules a year man. Marvellous, don't you agree?'

'Pity he couldn't tidy it up and make it fifty-two for the year,' I said.

'He has to miss a week for his wife's birthday.' She gave me a challenging look. 'You've got to be reasonable.'

'You have to be reasonable,' I concurred.

'You don't want to think of just the biological aspect you know . . . it's the social significance in terms of motherhood fulfilment . . . the contribution to mankind . . .' She was being persuasive now. '. . . do you realize that you, George Henderson, in the relatively short term of only four years could be the father of two hundred lovely babies. What d'you think about that?'

I didn't think about that. The only thing I could think about was that I was going to kill George.

'Of course,' she went on, 'if it should turn out that you have a fertility plus reading, I would settle for once a fortnight.'

'It might help the situation vis-à-vis the girl friends,' I agreed.

'Well, that's as far as we can get today. You'll be hearing within a week or so as soon as I've fixed your medical. Meantime, thank you for volunteering.'

Now the escape hatch was open I began to feel better. I made for the door, opened it and turned back to face her. 'Doctor Stubbs, about that advertisement in the Personal Column, did you write it yourself?'

'Good God no – much too busy. My secretary sees to all that sort of thing.'

'I thought so. It might be a good idea if you read it sometime. Good day.' She stared at me as I closed the door. As I crossed the outer room I threw a curt 'Good morning' to the secretary puss. She looked surprised. Disappointed.

As soon as I got back to my place, I phoned back. Glamour puss answered. When I identified myself I thought she sounded a bit cool. 'I've recently moved house,' I told her, 'and I gave you the old address from force of habit. Here's the correct one.' I waited while she wrote down George's.

After ten days had passed I expected an abusive call from George. But nothing. Another week and still nothing. The suspense was killing me so I rang him. When he answered, I sat there and waited for it. It never came. So I had to take the initiative. 'You never asked me how I got on with the beautiful heiress,' I challenged.

'I didn't need to, did I, you bastard? Never mind, all is forgiven.'

Puzzling. Not like George to be sweetly reasonable. 'I'm glad,' I told him. 'How did you get on then?'

'Fine,' he replied.

'You're a bloody liar.'

'No way. I had no trouble in fixing the doctor lady with the mistaken identity ploy and full marks to her, she made no attempt at body snatching for her sperm bin . . .' he trailed off.

I wasn't satisfied. 'Is that all?' I asked.

'Nothing like.' He sounded disgustingly pleased with himself.

'Give.'

'I chatted up the nympho secretary.'

'You what . . . ?'

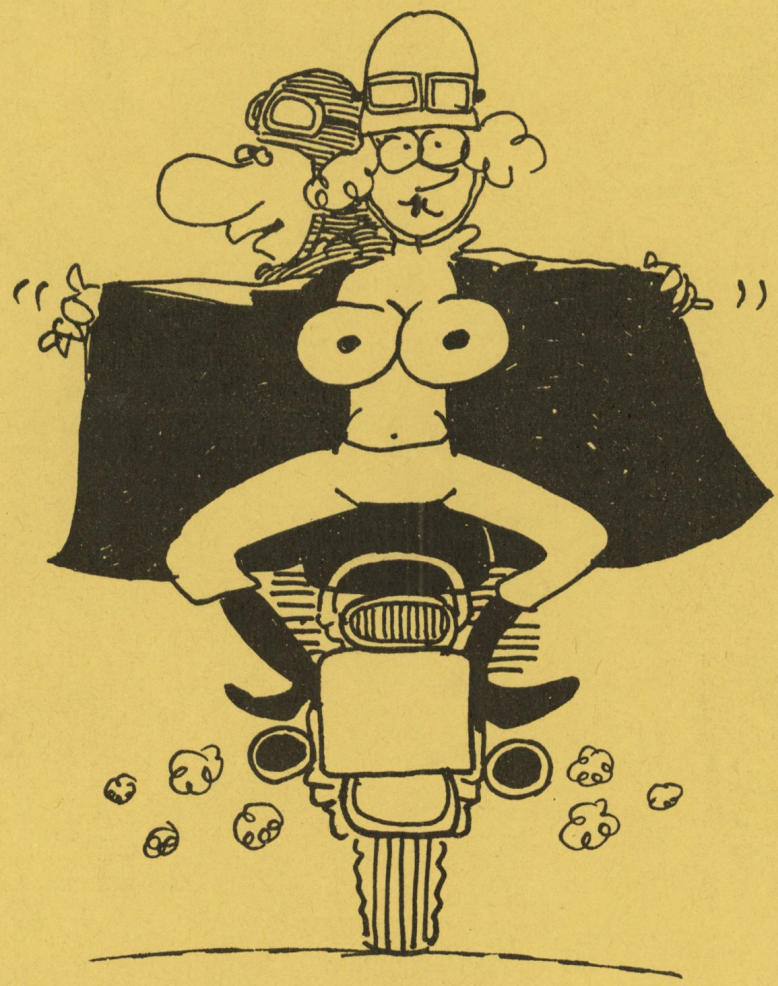
'Fixed it all up for last week-end. I can't figure out how you came to miss out on that one. Wasn't she terrific? She never stops except for a gin. That was the most fabulous piece of crumpet you ever handed over to me.'

'*Handed over* . . . ?' I spluttered.

'Sure. That was your idea wasn't it when you passed her my name *and* address? But you'll have to think more about yourself. You come first, so look after yourself. Get yourself more of what it takes . . . like the adverts said – *mucho machismo.*'

I glared at the handset and then slammed it down so hard it rattled on its cradle.

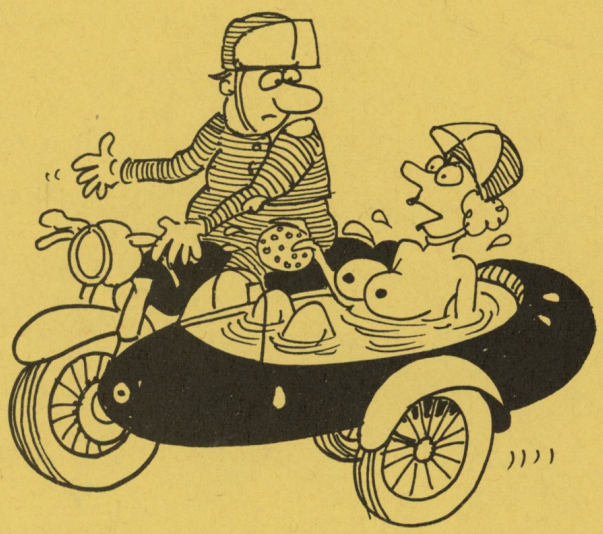
Machismo – balls!



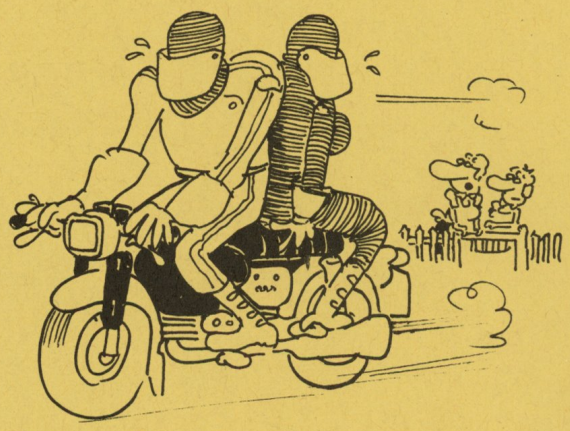
'It's all right to turn around now, luv –
we lost the law on that last hairpin bend.'

WHERE THERE ARE WHEELS THERE'S A WAY

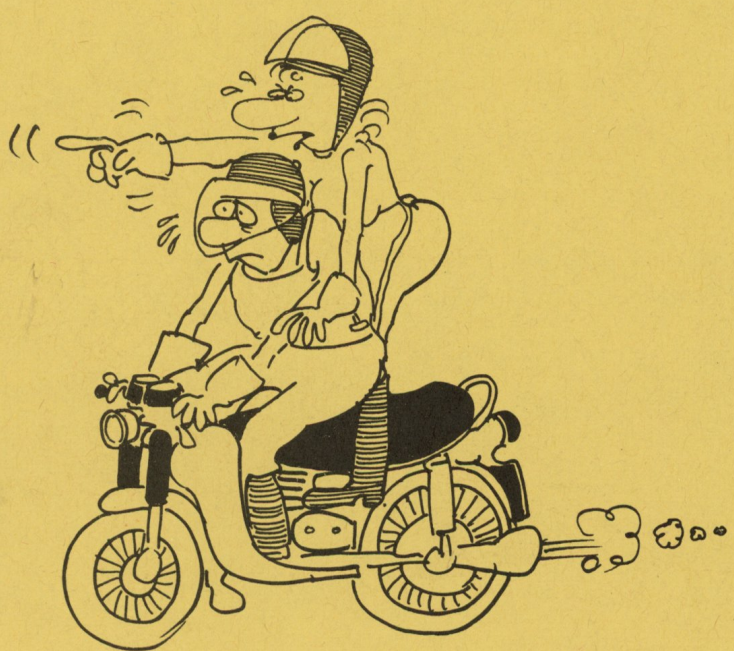
Today's motorbikes are built for speed
and comfort. And, cartoonist Peter Maddocks
slyly shows, they are also built for two



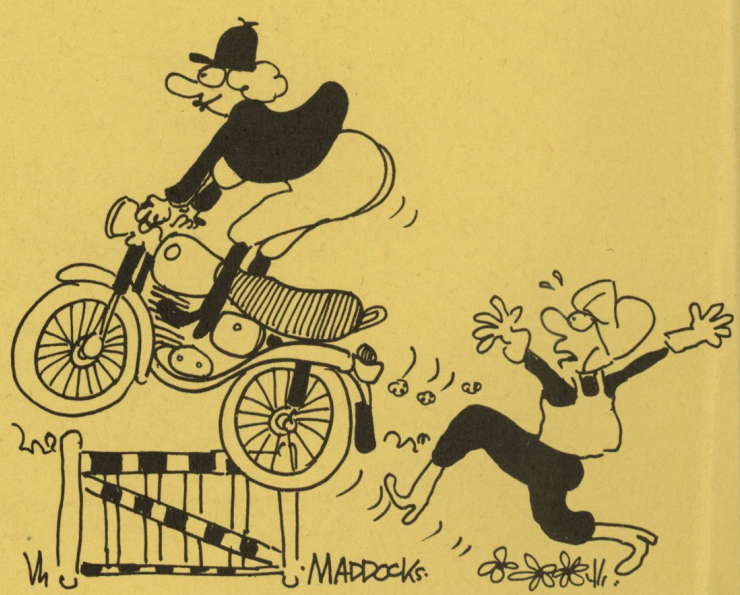
'I don't care who's looking, but I can't stand grease.'

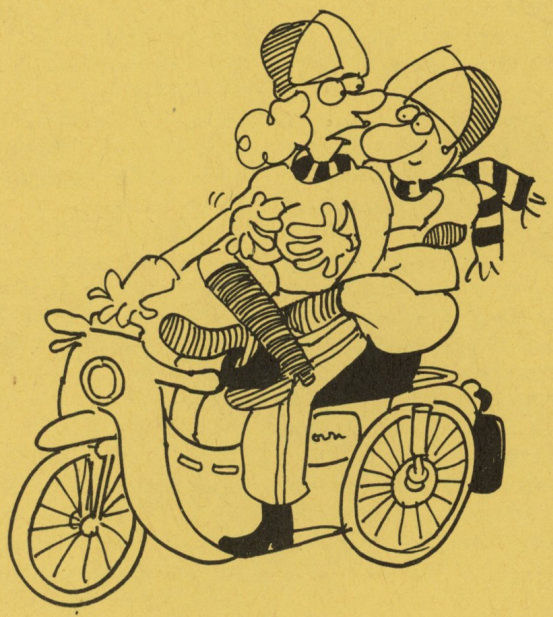


'I see they've had another row.'

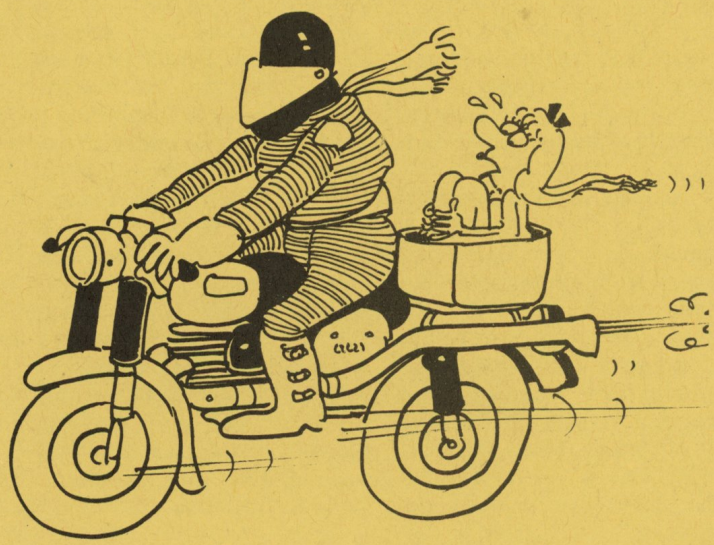


'Mind that tree, watch that dog . . . and look out for that crossing . . .'

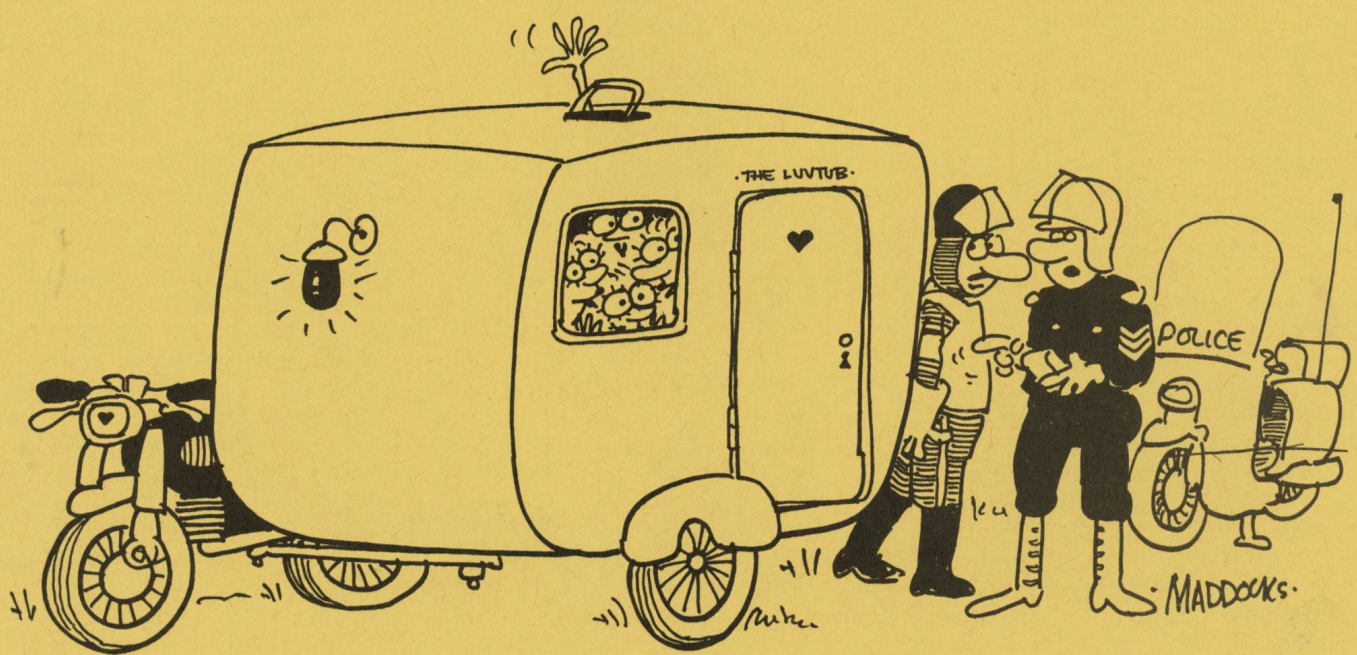




'You do realise this thing won't do any more than 25 miles an hour?'



'Whatever happened to pillion riding?'



'And may I enquire why you have a red light at the front?'

BOOKS

Arthur Pottersman

If a man fornicates on a regular basis with more than one woman, and has his beddings formally supervised in advance by one of Her Majesty's registrars of births, deaths and marriages – that's bigamy.

But suppose this man doesn't *know* he's committing bigamy? Suppose he *thinks* he's only sleeping with one woman – his lawful, wedded wife – but in reality, a second piece of pulsating feminity is also making use of his family heirlooms and other endowments?

In **Switchback,** Molly Parkin's latest naughty novel (W H Allen, £3.95) we have a chap whose wife is capable of fellating him off through his trousers, if she feels she hasn't time to let him take them off. And also of filling herself with hazelnut fudge and crystallized ginger when she thinks it's time he experienced a different taste.

And her sister. Who gets herself languorously drunk in the bath on good Glenlivet whisky, soaps her whole body as slowly and erotically as she can – then sits back and directs the warm, firm jet of water from the shower attachment – straight at her clitoris.

With a pair of girls like this, you'd imagine that bigamy is hardly likely to be the husband's problem. Keeping just one of them contented sounds like more than most men could deal with single-handed.

Here's a wife who serves her husband kippers for breakfast – wearing nothing under her pinafore so as to allow her breasts full distracting play, and covering her legs only with black stockings with the result that the white contrasting jut of her naked bottom as she slaves over a hot stove nearly sends her spouse frantic.

Mind you, he seems capable of giving as good as he gets. When wifey gets her hair curlers caught in her nightie, and calls for help to get herself untangled, he ambles over to her wriggling torso, surveys her superb body, peeps at her scarlet half-suffocated face, then runs boldly investigative hands between her thighs.

'Do you need assistance? What seems to be the trouble?' quoth he, opening the slightly swollen flesh of her labia and easing a gentle thumb inside.

What happens to this trio, and their assorted lovers is a kind of lifeswap. I say kind of, because only the two women involved actually know what's going on. Everybody else in their lives (and beds) is hopelessly deceived. The reason: the two ladies are absolutely, unidentifiably, indivisibly, quite identical twins.

No doubt what made it easier for them was the fact that since puberty they'd masturbated each other – rubbing each other's clitoris, using each other's spittle to lubricate themselves, to ensure they invariably came together. And the fact that only one of the girls had actually married was a kind of Cupid's Roulette, because they'd each fancied the fellow, and he'd never known whom he was sleeping with. He just happened to marry the one who got pregnant first!

But the way their lifeswap is working out, somebody surely must twig . . . I mean, when the wife pretends to be her sister in London, deceiving one lover at a time, it's not so hard. When the sister takes her place in the marital mansion down in Cornwall, it's not that hard to deceive the husband. He's used to his wife dressing up in a variety of roles and costumes to add sauce and spice to their sexual bouts.

Anyway, so long as a woman keeps a man sexually satisfied, is he likely to question her closely about her credentials?

But when the girls decide to take the total lifeswap, lovers, husband and all, right into the married couple's home for Christmas, it stretches credulity.

There's the professor lover who maintains his erection right through the Christmas dinner. Then took advantage of a few minutes twosome while helping – the sister? the wife? – with the washing up:

'With an economy of movement he had brought her hips to his, skilfully unzipping his flies whilst flipping down the elasticised waist of her soft woollen slacks and the underlying tights. Then he plunged his prick in.'

There's the Czech film director lover – he got his bum scratched to smithereens while – was it the wife? or perhaps the sister? – gave him a bit in a gorse bush during a half-hour's lull in the festivities.

Then there's the husband. One of the jolly games he's used to playing with his wife is the pretend-rape. (Now, ladies, don't get cross with me about this. Molly Parkin invented this, and though she may not be a lady, you're close.) She likes it for the masculine brutality. He likes it because her pretend struggles add to the erotic zest of it all.

So when husband encounters *sister* (no doubt about this, the plot tells us so) in the kitchen early on Christmas morn and assumes her his *wife*, down early to baste the turkey, he's far from surprised when she struggles and resists and says no, no, as he strips the crimson kimono from her shoulders to reveal the totally naked body beneath . . .

'Randolph was completely carried away on a dense wave of lust. He was having more than a little difficulty in breathing. There was a dull ringing in each eardrum, accompanied by what sounded like a celestial choir. Christ Almighty, he had never heard music before! At one stage he had become dimly conscious that the struggling body beneath his own had suddenly slackened, passed through a brief period of limp inertia, and then had begun rocking in a thrilling rhythm tight with his own. He was aware that at the point of orgasm he shouted out. Afterwards . . . he was surprised to hear the strains of the heavenly choir still ringing in his ears.

'The Salvation Army were singing carols in the street.'

Alberto Vargas' 'Patriotic Girl,' gatefold from 'Esquire' magazine of April 1944, is pictured in 'Vargas' by the illustrator and Reid Austin (Plexus, £8.95). This hardback contains over 200 illustrations — 60 in colour — from Ziegfield Follies girls, Hollywood beauty queens and the notable Vargas Girls from Esquire magazine.

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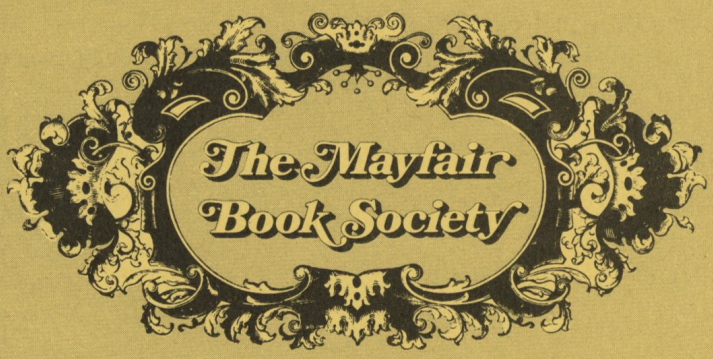
Price £3.80



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Say When

There is a point when a drink becomes one drink too many, either during a particular occasion or after years of steady drinking. The drink and the moment are both difficult to isolate, and many people find it even more difficult to recognize that they may have a 'drink problem'.
Honest answers to the questions below will help you to decide if it is time for *you* to say 'when'. (They could be equally helpful to someone close to you.)

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- ☐ Has anyone ever spoken to you about your drinking?
- ☐ Have you ever thought that your drinking was a problem to you or anyone else?
- ☐ Have you ever decided to cut down or give up drinking and been unsuccessful?
- ☐ Is your glass empty before anyone else's?
- ☐ Do you feel the need to drink every day?
- ☐ Have you lost your driving licence because of drink?
- ☐ Has drink given rise to difficulties a) at work? b) at home? c) with friends?

You may need professional help if you have ticked more than half these questions.

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DISCS

Peter Hopkin

Starting this month with a real blockbuster, **Elvis – 40 Greatest** (RCA), is a double album containing the King's most memorable recordings. Although you've probably got the odd Presley single or album in your collection, this compilation is a really handy means of literally 'getting it all together'. All the old favourites are there – *Heartbreak Hotel, Hound Dog, Jailhouse Rock, Guitar Man, In the Ghetto* and many, many more – though paradoxically enough the cut I enjoyed most was a rather obscure Presley recording: a 1956 version of Arthur Crudup's *My Baby Left Me*. Despite the revolting pink vinyl on which the records are pressed, this is *the* definitive collection of the greatest rock 'n roller ever.

Another Elvis with a new album is Elvis Costello, for my money the best by far of the 'new wave' artistes, whose **Armed Forces** (Radar) eschews punky drivel for intelligent – and intelligible – lyrics and driving rhythms. Costello appears the most unlikely rock star imaginable, rather reminiscent of a scrawny Buddy Holly, but with the ability to compose (all the album's generous ration of thirteen cuts are self penned), as well as perform and guided by the astute production of ex-Brinsley Shwarz stalwart Nick Lowe (whose sister, *à propos* of nothing at all, I once used to date), Elvis Costello is now establishing himself as an artiste of real worth. Just listen to *Green Shirt* on the album and if it doesn't instantly get you hooked, you're no friend of mine.

From the sublime to the sublimer in the delectable shape of **Profile – The Best of Emmylou Harris** (Warner), 12 tracks that really do show off the best of my favourite female country-and-western singer. Having started off with the late Gram Parsons and swiftly establishing her own niche in C 'n W music, Ms Harris' plaintive and soulful voice is best served on such numbers as Dolly Parton's *To Daddy*, Buck Owens' *Together Again* and the catchy Charlie and Ira Louvin-penned *If I Could Only Win Your Love*. My only grumble over the album is the inclusion of Chuck Berry's *You Never Can Tell*, included, I suspect, purely for its marked up-tempo contrast to the album's other tracks. For my money it jars somewhat.

Remaining in a mellow vein and for music to unwind by, try Richard and Karen Carpenter's **Singles 1974–1978** (A & M). Though they still retain their clean-cut and youthful appeal, it comes as something of a shock to discover that the Carpenters are now in their tenth chart-topping year and a decade of consistency is not to be taken lightly. In my view though, this particular album's predecessor – *Singles 1969–1973* – contains the better material. Who, for example, has not tried the low-lights-and-casual-arm-resting-on-girlfriend's-boob routine to the background strains of *Yesterday Once More* and *We've Only Just Begun*? Not that you you couldn't attempt the same old seduction to this particular album – the Carpenters' version of *Solitaire*, for instance, being excellent prebed material – but just as you're getting in the right mood, you stand the danger of being interrupted by the perky *Jambalaya* and the rather odd *Calling Occupants of Interplanetary Craft*. So don't say that you haven't been warned!

No such dangers though on **Harry Nilsson's Greatest Music** (RCA), a sixteen-track bonanza from a singer-songwriter who can rightly claim to be one of America's finest over the past ten years or so. For once, a compilation album contains all my favourite numbers: *Everybody's Talkin'* from the movie *Midnight Cowboy*; *Makin' Whoopee*, *As Time Goes By* and *You Made Me Love You* from the *Little Touch of Schmilsson In The Night* album; the beautiful sentiments of *Without You* and *Me And My Arrow* from Nilsson's musical *The Point*. For songs sung with soul and sensitivity this can't, as they say, be beat.

From the wonderful to the weird in the shape Vince Furnier. Vince who? When I explain that he's better known as his alter ego Alice Cooper, all should become clear. Devotees of the bizarre will recall that

turn to page 26

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Discs *continued from page 24*

the Alice Cooper stage act used to involve a gruesomely realistic beheading and the mutilation of gore-filled dolls – a forerunner in fact of 'punk'. Alice strenuously denies that he ever hacked up live chickens on stage although he owns up to performing with a boa constrictor wrapped around his neck and maintains that his act was just good shocking fun. His new album **From The Inside** (Warner) deals with such cheery subjects as insanity, mass murder, arson and promises a whole new stage act 'set' in an asylum. The album also answers the question whatever happened to Bernie Taupin? for Elton John's former lyricist has a share in each of the album's ten tracks. Not particularly recommended for the nervous – though even they might enjoy the gut-thumping rock of *For Veronica's Sake* and the unashamedly erotic *Nurse Rozetta*.

Erotic to the nth degree and explicit to almost blush-making proportions is **An American Prayer** (Elektra) by Jim Morrison and the Doors – probably the strangest and most disturbing album I've ever had to review. For those not familiar with the band, they arose from America's West Coast in the flower power era, recorded a seminal album called *LA Woman* and then, after three brief years of rampant success, suffered the loss of their charismatic singer Jim Morrison who died in particularly seedy circumstances in 1971. As with all larger-than-life figures, legends grew around Morrison and they're likely to be fuelled by this album. Basically it's a poem, overtly and explicitly sexual, with background music provided by the surviving members of the Doors. On a surface level it's designed to shock – not the sort of thing to play to your maiden aunt or to get a party off the ground – but it goes steadily deeper, revealing powerful and dark erotic images in Morrison's mind. If you're *very* sure of your wife/girlfriend, the album could, in the right circumstances, prove an aural aphrodisiac. Otherwise, its moody introversion marks it as a rare oddity – one that I appreciated.

While on the subject of sex, the album *Derek and Clive – Live*, provided by the combined talents of Peter Cook and Dudley Moore a couple of years back, has a lot to answer for. Why? Well, its full and frank use of four-letter words spawned a host of imitators, the latest of which is a truly awful object entitled **The Winker's Album** (Bopac) recorded by a gentleman rejoicing in the name of Ivor Biggun who sings in George Formby-plus-ukelele style, such tasteful little ditties as *I've Farted* and *My Brother's Got Piles*. If smutty schoolboy innuendo has you rolling in the aisles, I can't recommend this album highly enough. If however you class yourself above sub-moron level settle down instead with **Playin' To Win** (Arista), the new album from the Outlaws. Now I must confess from the outset that each time I review an Outlaws album I hark wistfully back to their stupendous debut effort which I don't think they've ever quite matched – and this album is no exception. Yes, it's good, powerful, solid Southern rock, but despite the steamhammer line-up of three lead guitars, two drummers and a bassist, plus the much-vaunted production of Bob 'Mutt' Lange, the end product is curiously directionless. Power without motion. There is, it's true, a classic cut in *You Are The Show*, but I can't help but get the feeling that if the band relied a little less on self-penned material, particularly Hughie Thomasson's, and searched around for songs from new sources, they might begin to recapture those halcyon early days.

There are two current American rock bands who are so raucously good-humoured that it's near-impossible to dislike them. One is Dr Hook and the Medicine Show, the other the irrepressible Grateful Dead, who are still going strong after what seems like aeons with their album **Shakedown Street** (Arista). The Dead have encompassed so many styles during their career, from the 'meaningful' dirges of the late sixties to a brief but enjoyable flirtation with country rock not so long ago, that they're impossible to label. About the best description I can give you of the new album is to call it 'white funk' rolling along in cheerful style. I enjoyed the cuts *France, Stagger Lee* and *Fire On The Mountain* and I have no reason to doubt you will enjoy them too.

'Cavalry Charges on the Southern Plains' by Frederic Remington, the best known Old West painter

SIX SHOTS AT IMMORTALITY: SAM COLT'S REVOLUTIONARY REVOLVER

Tony Jeeves traces the life and career of the gifted inventor and showman who perfected the world's first successful revolver – a handgun that was to become synonymous with the early American West

The muddy waterhole was a welcome sight for the lone Pony Express rider. Its brackish water would provide refreshment for himself and his horse and its location gave confirmation that he was on route for the isolated way-station. He knew his stop could only be brief for the schedule was tight and he was but one link in the chain of riders and horses who could carry mail the 2,000 miles from St Joseph, Missouri to Sacramento in eight days.

He swung down stiffly from the horse and carefully swept aside the film of dust that had settled on the tepid water before plunging his canteen beneath the surface. When it had filled, he bent over the pool and lapped at the surface, enjoying the relative coolness of the water on his face. He jerked upright as an ominous whistle and a nearby thud broke his train of thought. Glancing in the direction of the distraction, he rapidly took in the slender wooden shaft quivering in the ground beside him, topped by a clutch of coloured feathers. Indians!

Throwing himself sideways, he snatched at the bulky short-barrelled pistol in his belt. No more than 50 yards away, a half dozen Indians sat astride their horses,

grinning at the startled expression on the young white man's face.

The Indians knew they did not have to hurry. One swift charge and they would have the rider at their mercy and then they would be able to play with him before they finally allowed him to die. From experience they knew that the Pony Express rider would only be able to fire one shot at them and would be unable to re-load before they were upon him.

They reined their horses into close formation and headed them towards the man. The white man raised his pistol and levelled it at them. Crack! One of their number pitched from his horse as the lead ball scorched into his body. Now the Indians knew it was only a matter of seconds before they had the man captive. Strangely, the man was pointing the pistol again. The Indians cat-called their derision: he was mad, they knew he could not shoot again. The cat-calls were joined by another crack as a cloud of white smoke blossomed from the muzzle of the pistol. Another and another and another followed in quick succession. At such short range, the rider was having no difficulty in finding marks for his bullets and now four riderless horses were racing off.

The two remaining braves scattered and galloped away from the powerful medicine of the white man. They were followed by two more shots although by this time the range was too great for them to have any effect.

As the Indians rode into the distance, the young white man slumped to the ground, release of tension sapping his strength. For a moment or two he looked down at the pistol in his hand and sent a silent prayer of thanks to the man named Samuel Colt in far away Connecticut, who had developed the gun that had saved his life. It was a scene, and a prayer, repeated many times in the early days of the American West.

In fact the Colt revolver had done considerably more than save the lives of isolated individuals for it had literally revolutionised firearms technology and represented the first significant development in weapon design for almost 200 years.

The word development is used advisedly for Samuel Colt did not invent the revolver. Multi-shot guns with revolving cylinders had been around since the mid 1500s. However, these had all been clumsy, primitive, complicated or impractical. Colt's great contribution was to build a gun that overcame these disadvantages and was, above all, reliable. The Colt guns were so reliable in fact that, for a long time, no self-respecting frontiersman, soldier or lawman would have been without at least one example.

Sam was the third son of Christopher Colt who had built a prosperous business in New England in what was euphemistically called 'The West Indies Trade', dealing in three valued commodities, rum, molasses and, above all, slaves. Young Sam saw little of the prosperity however, for with the war of 1812, British warships blockaded the ports and Christopher suffered severe losses.

Sam was born in 1814 and from a very early age had to earn a living. He spent time in many and varied occupations all at the cost of a formal education. His father taught him the rudiments of reading and writing and a constant companion was a book called *The Compendium of Knowledge* which had within its pages all kinds of scientific information which inspired the naturally enquiring mind of the young boy.

Eventually Christopher Colt discharged all his debts and established a textile business where he found employment for his son. The new plant was an Aladdin's cave for Sam; there were chemicals and tools in plenty available to him and the head chemist shared Sam's interest in science. Together they experimented with formulae for gunpowder and nitrous oxide, the gas whose anaesthetic properties had recently been discovered by Humphrey Davy.

This happy period did not last long however for Sam's father decided he needed some formal education and arranged for him to attend the conservative Amherst Academy. Almost at once he fell foul of the authorities for he showed no interest in the discipline of the school curriculum, preferring to spend his time on his own experiments.

The experiments were productive for, at the age of 15, Sam achieved a world first

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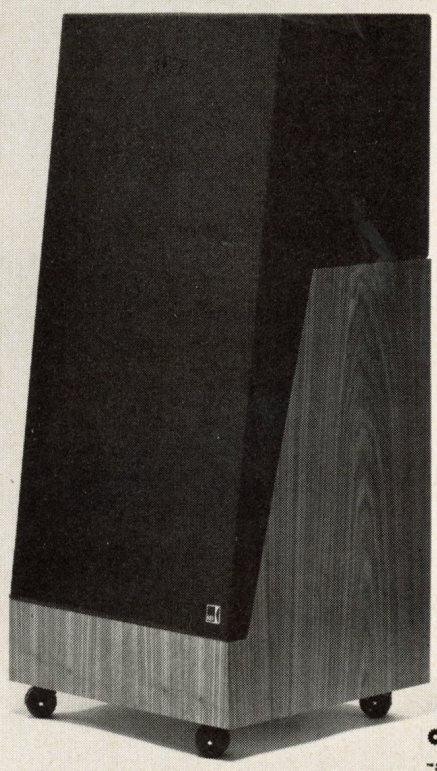

Sam Colt

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when he discovered a way of setting off gunpowder under water with an electric current. Although he was not yet astute enough to capitalise on his invention, he went home for the summer break in 1829 determined to set up a demonstration for the inhabitants of his home town.

He nailed up handbills proclaiming, 'Sam'l Colt will blow a raft sky-high on Ware pond, July 4.' Most of the population turned up at the appointed hour dressed in their finery for the Independence Day celebrations and concentrated on the raft Sam had set afloat on the pond. However, Sam had not noticed that the raft had drifted from above his mine and so, when he triggered the gunpowder, the muddy contents of the pond were deposited over the crowd.

Sam returned to Amherst under a cloud and even more unhappy than when he had left it for the holiday. He did not want to stay at the academy and dreamed of a life of adventure and romance, possibly on the high seas. In the end, it was his experimentation that proved to be his release for, after a particularly loud and unnerving Colt-engineered explosion and the resulting fire which destroyed part of the premises, Christopher Colt was advised by the board of governors that it might be preferable if his son were to seek schooling elsewhere.

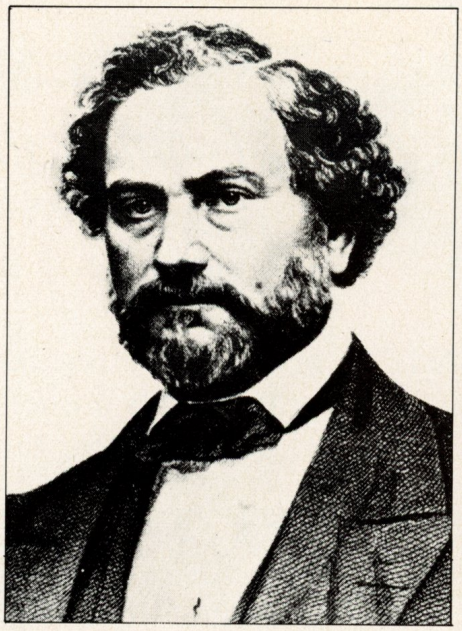
Christopher was a good father and after a few initial disagreements, listened to his son's wish to go to sea. He outfitted him for a nautical life and arranged a passage on the ship *Corvo* for a voyage to Calcutta that was to change young Sam's life.

The 17,000-mile voyage gave Sam ample time and opportunity to indulge his love for guns and also provided the chance of seeing the shops of gunsmiths in many countries. Somewhere along the way he saw an example of the Collier flintlock revolver. This had a single barrel and a short revolving cylinder which held a number of charges. The cylinder was revolved and located behind the barrel by hand before every shot. The principle caught Sam's imagination but the Collier was complex and expensive, having more than 40 major pieces, each made and fitted by hand. Sam began to think of ways of simplifying and improving on the design he had seen.

To aid his concentration, Sam whiled away the long hours of the voyage back to Boston carving his ideas into a piece of wood. He made a cylinder and then a hammer and a greatly simplified firing mechanism.

At this point, it is probably worth taking a look at the current state of the gunmakers' art. It was a time of change, for in 1807 a Scottish clergyman, one Alexander John Forsyth, had invented the percussion cap and this was having a gradual effect on gun design.

Basically, the percussion cap was a small copper cup containing a quantity of fulminate of mercury, a highly sensitive explosive which would detonate when given a sharp blow. When fitted over a hollow nipple on top of a gun barrel and then struck, the cap sent a flame through the nipple, directly into the main powder charge. This provided a much surer form of ignition than the flintlock as it was faster and less prone to moisture.



Samuel Colt (1814–1862) was only 17 when he first devised the principle that made a reliable, multi-shot gun possible.

However, gunnmakers had made little use of its advantages and most guns of the time were merely adaptations of flintlock designs with the flint mechanism replaced by a simple hammer arranged to strike the cap.

The exceptions to this rule were the 'Pepperpot' pistols. These were multi-shot pistols that had a number of full-length barrels arranged around a central pivot. Each barrel had its own nipple which was usually moved under the hammer by hand. While having the multi-shot capability, they were heavy, unwieldy and complex.

Sam Colt's design was a marked improvement. He used a single rifled barrel. He then took the rotating barrels of the 'Pepperpot' and shortened them until they were just long enough to hold the powder charge and the lead ball. He placed the resulting cylinder behind the barrel and provided a mechanical index that made sure that each chamber aligned accurately with the barrel. Each chamber was closed at the rear apart from a small aperture through which the flame from the percussion cap could enter. Both powder and ball were loaded from the front. As in the 'Pepperpot' each chamber had its own percussion cap which was struck by a centrally placed hammer.

This was roughly the shape of the wooden gun Sam carved for himself on his long sea voyage. What the gun still lacked was the vital improvement that he wanted to make – a means of moving the cylinder mechanically, reliably and simply into battery behind the barrel.

The popular story of what happened next is that Sam conceived the solution while watching some sailors working a windlass. Here, a large wheel turns a smaller wheel, providing a mechanical advantage to help lift a load while a pawl, working on the larger drum, holds the load in place. This, in reverse, was exactly the action that Sam wanted. He could apply force from cocking the hammer to a pawl which would move the cylinder round to line up with the barrel. Another pawl slipped into a hollow in the cylinder to lock it firmly into place. 'Eureka!'

This version of the story probably owes more to the American public's love of a good story and to Colt's natural flair as a publicist than to the truth. More likely is that his quick mind and his avid reading of *The Compendium of Knowledge* had found and applied a known and simple principle in a novel way.

When he arrived back in Boston, Sam had an idea, a wooden model and no funds with which to take it any further. The only successful businessman Sam knew whom he could approach for funds was his father and so Christopher Colt was submitted to the persuasive tongue of his son and finally parted with enough money to pay for one or two metal prototype pistols to be built.

Sam approached gunsmith Anson Chase from Hartford, Connecticut and his first working example was close to the wooden mock-up that Sam had carved. He also made a rifle on the same principle but by this time Christopher had reconsidered the wisdom of his investment and withdrawn funds.

Christopher tried to persuade his son to give up his 'foolish ideas' and return to the sea but Sam was by now so enthralled by his guns that he wanted to be available to keep a check on progress with his prototypes. In the end he chose a typically unorthodox method of funding. Tall and stockily built with a bushy beard he had cultivated while at sea, Sam looked far older than his 17 years and, thinking back to his days of experimentation in his father's workshops, he kitted himself out with some stylish clothes and assembled a collection of chemical apparatus to make nitrous oxide or 'laughing gas'. He went on the road and, billing himself as 'Doctor Coult, celebrated lecturer of Calcutta, New York and London', gave lectures on natural philosophy and chemistry and finished each talk with a harmless and often funny demonstration of the intoxicating effects of the laughing gas.

For more than a year he travelled the eastern states and in that time 'Doctor Coult' became something of a celebrity. By this time Chase had the first fully-working model revolver ready. He and Sam loaded the gun with powder and clamped it in a vice then worked the trigger. The whole gun burst apart – the first victim of a problem that was going to dog the Colt guns for many years to come. The problem was flash-over, the blast from the detonation of one chamber setting off one or more adjacent chambers. Sam went back on the road to earn more

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Sam Colt

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money to build more guns and, in Baltimore, heard of a gunsmith named John Pearson, who seemed to be better than Anson Chase. He was so impressed with examples of the man's work that he offered to set him up in a workshop and pay him a set amount each month to work exclusively on Colt designs.

When Sam returned to Baltimore in 1835 he found Pearson had made excellent progress and had improved the prototypes so much that Sam could submit them for patent. His reception at the patent office was so enthusiastic that Christopher was forced to reconsider his investment and again put money into the weapons. Also impressed was Sam's cousin Dudley who invested some of his own money and, with a successful law practice in New York, appreciated the need to secure letters of patent in London and Paris to protect the ideas from plagiarism by the active and flourishing European arms companies. Both Sam and Dudley used the patents they were issued as promotional material touting them around wealthy friends and clients. Within a few weeks some 230,000 dollars had been raised and on March 5, 1836, the Patent Arms Manufacturing Company of New Jersey was issued with a charter of incorporation and Sam was in business with a factory on the banks of the river Paterson that was soon manufacturing guns.

The first guns from the Paterson factory were curious weapons. They were made in four calibres ranging from .28 inches to .40 inches. In the small calibres it was not a particularly effective weapon, although the multi-shot capability could be startling to an adversary, and in the large calibre it did begin to pack a punch. All Patersons had five-shot cylinders, rifled octagonal barrels and folding triggers that fell down out of the frame as the gun was being cocked.

The first models had plain barrels although a hinged ramrod was attached later. All these models were sold in a wooden case with a spare cylinder which could be carried loaded. The spare cylinder could be fitted to the gun in about the same time it took to load a conventional single-shot pistol. It was obvious to the astute Sam that for any new gun to be a success it had to be accepted by the Government for military use. He needed to put his guns before the Army Trials Board for test. They agreed to examine his weapons but were not too open-minded about the revolutionary gun that was submitted. For some strange reason, instead of a pistol, Sam decided to submit a monstrous musket with a revolving chamber that weighed over 15 pounds. The Trials Board fired four volleys and experienced eight simultaneous discharges. They not surprisingly condemned the gun for military use and a very dejected Sam returned to Paterson determined to solve the problem of flash-over.

He bevelled the front of each cylinder and the loading lever he had fitted allowed a slightly oversize ball to be forced down on the powder to improve the seal. The problem was practically eliminated. However, the Trials Board refused to reconsider the gun and Sam was now hard pressed to find some way of gaining military acceptance. By 1838 the Colt guns had been awarded two gold medals by the Institute of New York for the Encouragement of Science but there were still none of the vital military orders forthcoming. Then came a glimmer of hope. The Seminole Indian war had broken out in Florida and Sam saw an opportunity of getting his pistols accepted under combat conditions. He travelled to Florida with 50 rifles and 50 pistols and met Colonel William Harney, leader of the 2nd Regiment of Dragoons, a man who believed in giving his men the best equipment available. Harney saw in the Colt guns a means of giving his men an edge over the Indians. He immediately bought all the guns Sam had with him and issued them. One was given to Captain Samuel Walker and, although he and Colt were destined not to meet until 1846, he was going to have a very profound effect on the future fortunes of the Colt enterprise.

In fact, if Colt had planned the Seminole's tactics himself, he could not better have favoured his guns. The standard tactic was to stage an attack and draw a volley of fire from the Americans' single-shot muskets and pistols and then to charge again before they could be reloaded. In the first engagement for the Colt weapons, the Seminoles were surprised by the second volley and forced to retreat.

Sam was very happy on the trip back to New Jersey. He had been paid for his guns by cheque which he kept safely in his pocket. However, fate had a cruel stroke up its sleeve and Sam's boat was swamped on the trip home and he spent several hours in the water before being rescued. The cheque was destroyed and this caused a widening of the rift between Sam and Dudley who eventually resigned. The company floundered on until 1842 under Sam's direction but, with no more government orders forthcoming, it was forced into bankruptcy. Sam was left with nothing but his patents. In 1844, Sam Walker, by now a Texas

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A 1917 advertisement for the Colt handgun which appeared in the 'Saturday Evening Post.'

Sam Colt

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Ranger, had received some Paterson revolvers, part of a shipment originally destined for the Texas navy. He issued the pistols with glee, remembering their effect during the Seminole war, and looked forward to the opportunity of trying them against the bands of marauding Comanches that were then the scourge of Texas. He did not wait long. Walker and 14 other Rangers surprised a band of 80 Indians who attacked twice in rapid succession to draw the Rangers' fire. Their third attack was met by a further volley and soon over half the war party were dead.

Two years later Walker transferred to the newly-founded US Mounted Rifles under Colonel John Coffee Hays, another man who had experience of Colt weapons and who wanted some to equip his outfit. Walker was sent to find Sam and persuade him to make a thousand new revolvers as soon as possible.

On meeting, the two Sams immediately struck up a firm friendship. Colt had no machinery and no premises, he did not even have a single example of his own gun. He was making a good living having invented and perfected a submersible mine and was currently working on an underwater cable for the telegraph companies. Walker's offer of an immediate order for a thousand guns with another similar order to follow prised Sam Colt away from his workshop and back into the arms business.

Colt sought out Eli Whitney, an old acquaintance, who had the money and machinery Sam would need to get into production and, using a Paterson Colt he bought to use as a pattern, began to make some improvements to the design that Walker had suggested.

In the light of combat experience with the Paterson models, Walker wanted a larger calibre than .36 inches and a more powerful powder charge. The two Sams settled on a calibre of .44 inches with the gun having a longer barrel to provide more room for the charge to burn completely and a better grip to absorb the greater recoil. The folding trigger of the Paterson was dispensed with and replaced with a fixed trigger surrounded by a solid brass guard. The resulting pistol, which Sam christened the Walker Colt in honour of his friend, was a brute, weighing almost five pounds. Its long cylinder held 50 grains of powder in each of its six chambers and the nine-inch barrel allowed the powder to push the round ball out at something like 1,000 feet a second. The powder charge was equivalent to the load carried by the contemporary British Army musket and made the Walker a more powerful pistol than anything we have today with the exception of the .44-inch Magnum!

The Walker Colt was as effective at 100 yards as any shoulder arm of its time and considerably more effective at 200 yards. The combat experience of Sam Walker showed in the design for it was evident that in specifying the calibre and powder load he intended that when he shot at an enemy he would not have to do it twice. Eventually each man in the Mounted Rifles was issued with a pair of the pistols, Walker's own being among the first batch delivered. Ironically, four days after receiving the guns, he was mortally wounded by a Mexican lance after he had emptied both Colts, one of which was returned to Sam Colt as a memento of their friendship.

On the proceeds of the Walker-Colt deal, Sam started out once again to build his own factory with which he would manufacture the second batch of pistols. This time his location was Hartford, Connecticut and he brought in an old friend Elisha Root to help to design the machinery he needed.

As soon as the factory had completed the second batch of 1,000 pistols ordered by Walker, Sam made suggestions to the Army for a revised model of the gun. He had never been completely happy with the Walker for it had been designed and manufactured in a hurry and did not fully meet his desire for interchangeability of parts.

The redesigned pistol, which he called the 'Dragoon', looked very much like the Walker but had a 7½-inch barrel and a shorter cylinder which held only 40 grains of powder. It was also slightly lighter.

Both Walker and Dragoon Colts were unique in the history of handguns for in design, manufacture and capabilities they were way in advance of development in the

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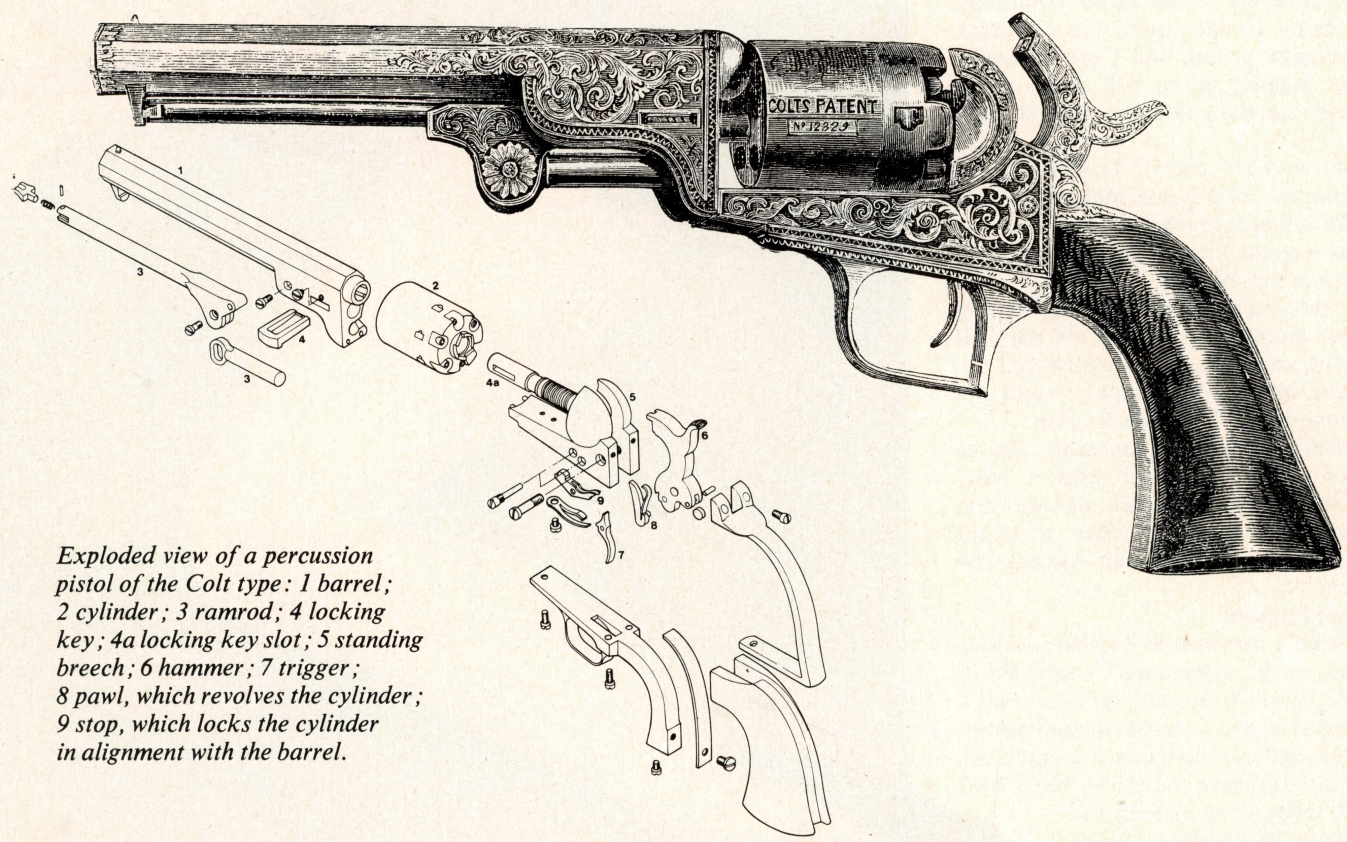

Exploded view of a percussion pistol of the Colt type: 1 barrel; 2 cylinder; 3 ramrod; 4 locking key; 4a locking key slot; 5 standing breech; 6 hammer; 7 trigger; 8 pawl, which revolves the cylinder; 9 stop, which locks the cylinder in alignment with the barrel.

Top: an 1853 illustration of an early Colt revolver. In 1852 Colt opened a factory in London and in four years made 50,000 guns.

Sam Colt

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technology of shoulder arms. For quite a long time, both pistols were superior in range, accuracy and stopping power to any shoulder arm. During this period, one man, armed with a pair of Colt revolvers, was more than a match for 12 conventionally armed infantrymen from any army in the world.

While the Dragoon and Walker Colts were eminently practical killers, they were by no stretch of the imagination handy weapons for the casual user who needed a compact but powerful means of protecting the old homestead. So Sam set to work to cater for this particular market. He chose a calibre of .36 inches but, by using a conical bullet, found that he could achieve a projectile with the same weight as the .44-inch ball but could propel it effectively with only half the weight of powder. This combination gave a ballistic performance almost directly comparable with the modern .38-inch Special.

In American military circles of the time, it was felt that it was easier to kill a sailor than a soldier and so Colt promoted this model as the .36-inch Navy model. Weighing just over two pounds, the gun balanced beautifully and, a vital aspect of any combat handgun, it pointed easily! This was a feature that had not been given a great deal of thought in fighting guns up to that time. In addition, British Army tests proved that it hit harder than any small arm available to them. It is not surprising therefore that it was the service sidearm of the US Navy for over 20 years.

Going from strength to strength, Colt went international in the 1850s. He promoted his guns, notably the .36-inch Navy, with an enormous display at the Great Exhibition of 1851 at the Crystal Palace and a year later opened a London factory. In the four years during which this factory operated it produced some 50,000 revolvers, many of which Sam sold to the Army for use in the Crimea. Not being partisan, he also convinced the Russians and the Turks that they should have Colt revolvers for their armies and his products were thus to be found in the camps of all the belligerents.

Meanwhile in America, the war between North and South was brewing and this period saw the last great development in cap and ball revolvers and the introduction of the last pistol whose design was influenced by Sam Colt himself.

The science of metallurgy had advanced and steels could now be made stronger to contain greater power in less metal. The handiness of the .36-inch Navy could now be combined with the power of the Dragoon.

Sam lengthened the frame of the Navy revolver to take the longer Dragoon cylinder and trimmed off superfluous metal wherever he could. He also redesigned the grip to absorb the greater recoil that the .44-inch pistol would produce. The pistol was an immediate winner in the gun-hungry northern states. Christened the New Model Army .44-inch, the pistol weighted 43 ounces, was well balanced and powerful and once again more than matched the power and range of any contemporary long gun. Close on 400,000 were made during the American Civil War although Sam was not to live long enough to see the effect his weapons would have on the conflict.

By 1861 the long-abused stock of Colt energy began to fail and his health declined, but the death that year of his 10-month-old daughter dealt a severe blow from which he did not recover. In a short time he was confined to bed but, while his illness grew steadily worse, he continued to run his vast empire. On January 10, 1862, he died.

A man who had very little formal education and who could be relied upon to spell a word differently every time it appeared in a document, Sam Colt had revolutionised arms and arms manufacture. On his death at 47, he had left behind one of the greatest fortunes of the time and also one of the greatest manufacturing empires, which to this day, continues to make guns bearing the prancing horse mark.

Strangely, the gun that still most popularly represents the Colt image to the general public is one that Sam had no hand in creating – the 'Peacemaker'.

Patented in 1871 and officially called the 'New Model Army Metallic Cartridge Revolving Pistol', it was the work of one William Mason and combined strength, reliability, balance and power in a package that was to be the most famous fighting pistol ever made.

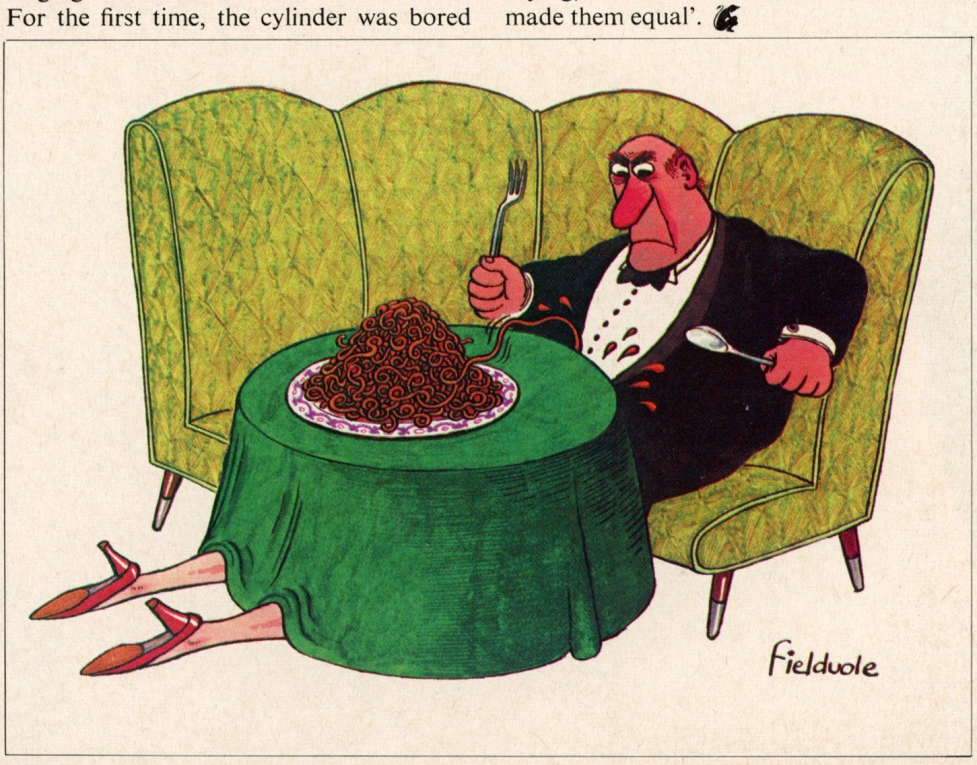
The action and the grip were direct copies of the original Walker Colts but there similarity ended. Until this model, most previous Colt revolvers had been built on similar lines having a separate barrel and lug that fastened to the frame via a simple wedge that went through a slot in the cylinder pivot.

In the Peacemaker, the frame was a solid forging into which the barrel was screwed. For the first time, the cylinder was bored right through to take metallic cartridges and the gun was loaded through a hinged gate on the side of the frame.

This is the 'Gun that won the West'. Custer and his men died at the 'Little Big Horn' with Peacemakers blazing in their hands. Wyatt Earp used one to keep the peace in many a frontier bar room and such legendary characters as Frank and Jesse James, Doc Holliday and Bat Masterson were all users of this pistol. What, then, made this particular weapon so popular when there were other metallic cartridge pistols available, many technically more advanced than the Colt? The secret is probably in its balance and an indefinable quality, usually named 'feel'.

The Peacemaker fitted beautifully into almost any hand and in a way that allowed the bore to line up automatically with the bones of the forearm so that it shot just where the user pointed without need for sighting. Its balance allowed it to be drawn from a holster and to seat in the hand easily and the position of the hammer spur placed it within easy reach of the thumb for rapid cocking. The Colt Peacemaker brought with it the dawn of the age of the gunslinger.

The gun was made up until 1941 when the Colt factory wanted extra space to manufacture machine guns and tore out all the old machinery. After the war, however, they found that a lot of other companies were making guns that were similar to the Peacemaker. They were also selling them in large quantities. There was obviously still life in the old western workhorse and so they dragged out the old dies and began to manufacture all over again. It still sells today and there could surely be no more genuine compliment paid to any gun than that people should still want to buy it more than 100 years after it was first introduced. It would have pleased Sam Colt and he would probably have welcomed as an epitaph the old western saying, 'God created man but Sam Colt made them equal'.



When madcap Melanie samples the erotic delights of the travel trade, she doesn't anticipate problems arising with the local wildlife

I'm all for being horny, darling, but why bring along an elk?

I know, darling, it sounds a bit bizarre. Yes, all right, downright weird, that's if you want a snigger about it, as they all seem to, as if it was my fault for goodness sake. I'm not responsible if my unconscious what's-it goes on the blink, I mean that smashing doctor said so, and if he did laugh, well he did it in private, so's I'm not to know, though he'll probably put it in a book of case histories or something. Look, no one wants to hear the truth. They just say I'm kinky, do anything for a cheap thrill, you know the type – like Miranda, for example. I mean she'd do it on her head to the strains of Bach's double violin concerto and in the tea room at Fortnum's, that's if she got the chance, which she probably will, knowing her.

Remember my last temp job – selling toy poodles to tourists on the Costa Brava, the one that never came to anything; I could have told them that, what a stupid idea. Well, anyway, that's where I met Bernard. He was a courier, or had been, but he got sacked for losing a coach-load of nuns near Rome, and they were never found again, isn't it just too extraordinary? He was sort of unexpected. For example, he put his hands up my knickers in the Prado at the very moment I was talking to a Spanish priest about El Greco. It was just too embarrassing for words, and my Spanish isn't all that good either. I mean, I sort of panted round the consonants with Bernard's signet ring practically embedded in my clitoris. I don't think the priest noticed, though he smiled a lot, sort of oily, like a smear of lard. Look, darling, face it, you're in no position to criticise.

Well, it was the same day, again at the wrong sort of moment, when he'd just got my pants off on the back seat of a bus to Seville, and I felt the cold leather on my bare bottom, I mean, it destroyed me. I wanted him so much, that he said: 'Why don't you become a courier?' Fantastic, I said, so I applied for a job from a Greek bastard in Paris taking Americans round six countries in seven days. Marvellous! I made a fortune.

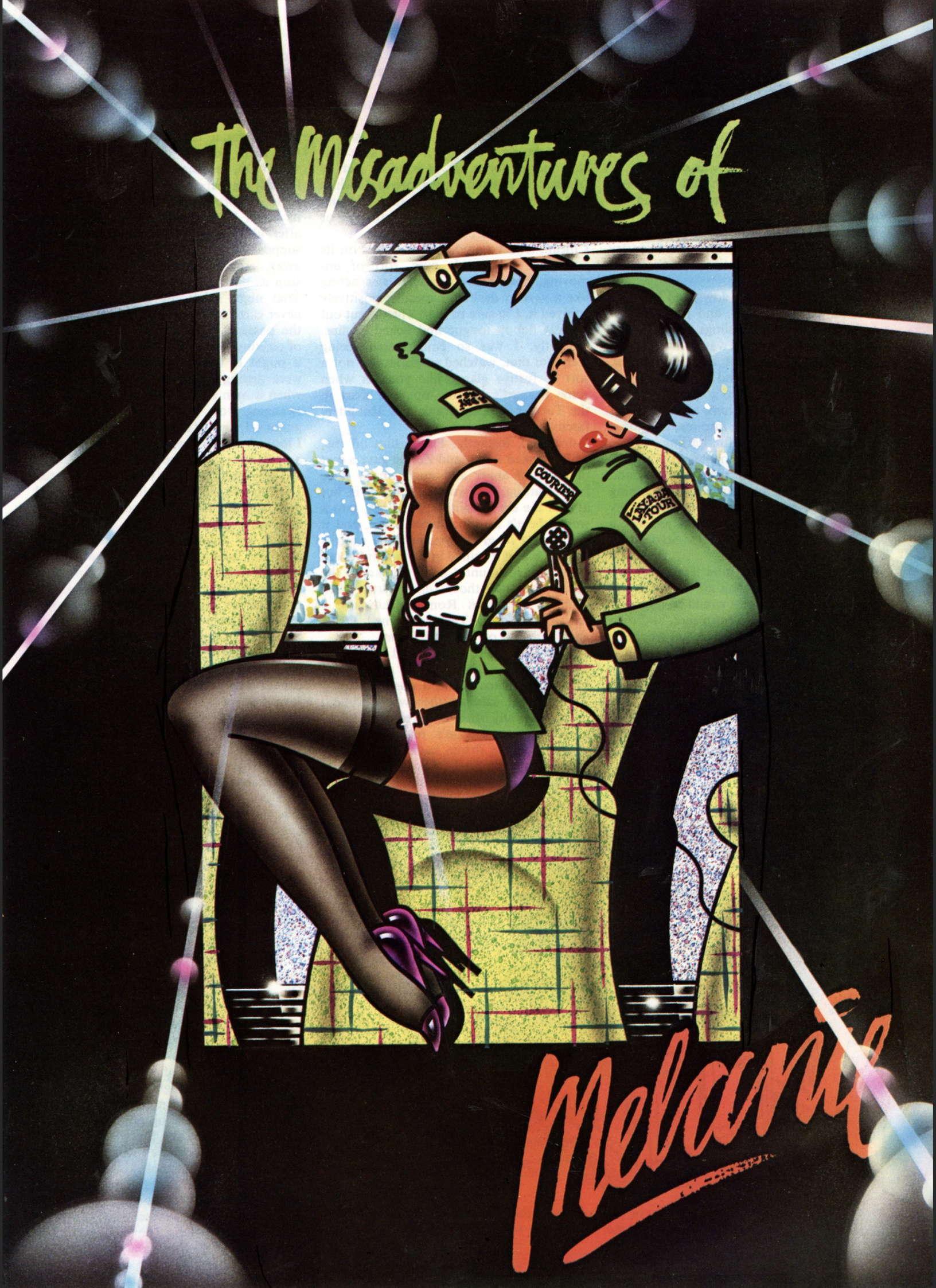
Yes, I told them a pack of lies all across Europe, and they lapped it up like a saucer of milk. I told them everything was the highest, the oldest, the biggest in Europe. I even described a half-built motel as the ruined monastery where Pope Alexander took his mistress and had her backside whipped by six cardinals, and they believed every word of it. Easiest job I've ever had in my life.

Oh, yes, the hoteliers were boring. Had to lock my door every night, hear them scrabbling at the latch and muttering in all sorts of different wog languages, but I didn't let them in. Not much, that is. But in Sweden, wow! It was there I met Zoltan. Didn't talk much, no English, but who wants to talk anyway? He was such a gentleman – you know, the type that folds up your clothes as he takes them off.

First night we were together, he stripped me naked in the slowest possible way you'd ever imagine, and he undid my bra with his teeth, while this immense thing of his was resting against my naked bottom like a red hot poker, and he'd one hand covering my groin with two fingers tickling the inside of my thighs. I've never known anything like it. I just yelled. Talk about ecstasy, phew!

Following night, he took me up a massive great mountain in his car. There was a full

ILLUSTRATION BY PHIL DOBSON


The Misadventures of
COURIER
Melanie

moon, the wind in the trees and a sky crammed with stars, and it was so romantic, my boobs were aching before he'd as much as touched me. I didn't wear a bra, and my nipples were sticking through my tee-shirt like two little red-hot nails; they throbbed and swelled, I've never known anything like it; gosh, it was super.

Then in the quiet, beneath that marvellous sky with all those distant stars and the wind sighing through the trees, we lay together in the car, and we began to make love, so softly, so tenderly it was like very slow music; it was beautiful, like the dawn coming up or something.

When he slid my pants down and I felt the cool air on my tummy, and I was all hot and wet, these two feelings sort of came together, and I cried, I was so happy, and I felt myself opening, I can't describe it, but it was so natural. And he came into me, so slow, and it seemed to go on for ages, as if there was a mile of him, and there was nothing but him sliding into me, and those big stars. It was beautiful, darling.

It was really cosy. I'd managed to get my feet hooked round the steering wheel, and whenever I felt another nice bit coming along inside me, I'd toot the horn with my big toe. It made a lovely sound, just like a love call; and maybe that's how it all started.

'Wow! Wow!' I went, and 'Hoot! Hoot!' the horn went, and I felt all the birds and the animals in the forest would be listening. They'd know what the horn said, and then we'd all be at it together, and that would be super, the way life should be, so much loving in it. That night, oh it was magic!

Then I lifted up my head, for a moment opening my eyes. I'd had goodness knows how many orgasms, they just came and went like waves breaking, and there it was looking in at me. Yes. An elk.

'Zoltan,' I whispered. 'There's an elk at the window.'

'Elk? What is it, this elk?' he said, and he nibbled off a corner of my ear like it was a cheese straw.

'A bloody great elk,' I whispered, desperate now.

At that he kissed me, one big slobby kiss right slap on my mouth, and that shut me up for a bit. It seemed, just by talking, I'd somehow got more real to him and he loved me more for it. I felt him grow bigger in me. It was sensational, or would have been but for the elk.

I mean, it just stared. Great antlers on its head and huge wide eyes, sort of unmoving, but dead curious; it was acting like a *voyeur*, darling, I mean it positively enjoyed it, I'm sure of that. Then it put out a great floppy tongue and licked its lips. Honestly, I was so embarrassed, being seen like that, watched so curiously, not a sort of furtive glance like you get when some bastard's looking up your skirt in the Tube, but open, frank and absolutely fascinated.

I dried up, instantly. Pulled him off me, really yanked it out, and Zoltan gave a sort of grunt of anger and smacked my face. Now, darling, you wouldn't believe it, but at that the elk's mouth curled: yes, into a smile, there's no other word for it, and it half closed its great eyes, and the nostrils got wider as if it sniffed in disgust. It looked a bit like my aunt Clare, you know the one that wears those funny hats, when someone mentions Roman Catholics. I felt so ashamed. Then it turned away, and lumbered off into the forest.

I cried, really yelled, I mean and I heard the elk roar in the distance, like a great sad echo of my tears. Gosh, it was awful.

Zoltan never said another word, though he made funny sorts of foreign noises to himself which I don't really count as words, and we drove back to the hotel without speaking. I was upset, really miserable: the more miserable I felt, the more I seemed to see that elk leering at me through the window.

Now I've never been much of a one for modesty, doesn't turn me on a bit, never felt embarrassed in the nude; disappointing really, miss a bit of guilt, some fellows they really seem to enjoy it – now where was I? Oh, yes: the elk.

It made me feel embarrassed, looking down its long reproving nose like a parson, and its upper lip curving in that nasty sneer: after all, I wasn't doing it any harm. I suppose even an elk likes to have its end away, and goodness knows, I wouldn't stop it: each to his own, I say.

That night I left my door ajar. Zoltan never came up to me, so I had to go down the passage to his room. He took a bit of coaxing, but then it was fine; or at least it ought to have been, but just when we were getting a bit intimate – you know, when a man starts nibbling your bits and twanging you down there like an old guitar – I went as cold as ice all over again. I looked up at the window where there was a romantic sort of moon lolling around in the sky, and I promise you, I'm convinced I saw the elk there again, its big reproachful eyes, and the disapproval coming down its long slanting nose.

I was so ashamed, but I couldn't say anything, and Zoltan began making his horrid foreign noises again. I left him when he was still asleep, and I crawled back into my cold bed and I cried and cried; it's not natural to sleep alone.

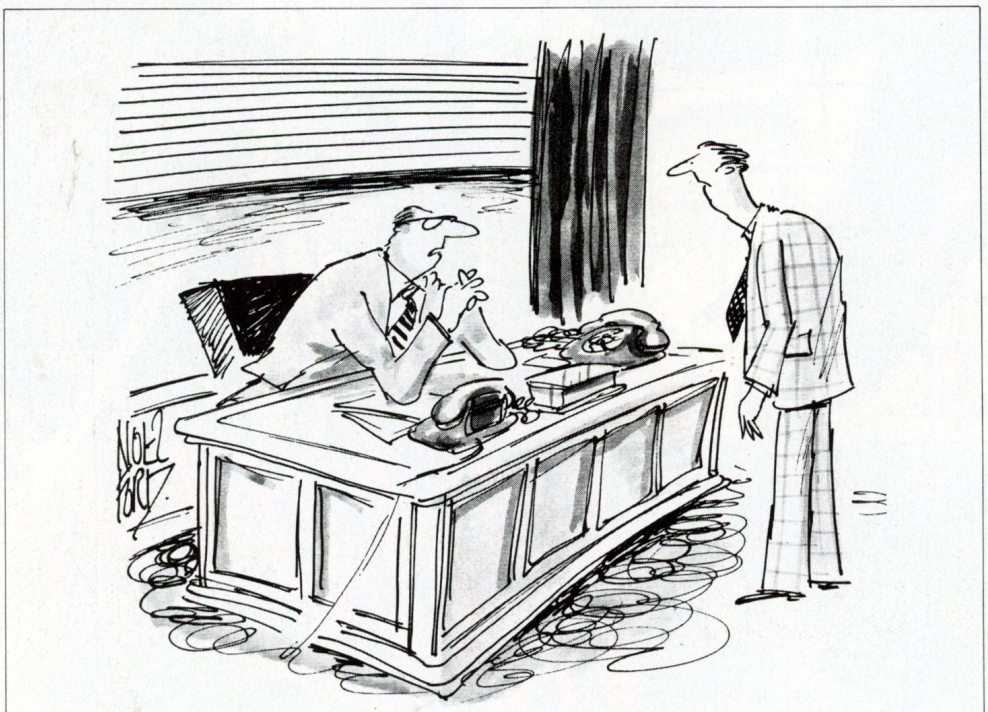
So much for that, I thought next morning: you can't win them all. But I couldn't forget that bloody, inquisitive elk, and the candid way it looked at me, and how it turned away, as if I'd somehow let it down. This affected me somehow, really badly I mean, darling; yes, I just went frigid.

Lots of chaps, you know how it is, well, just as they were about to get it in, or on the brink so to speak, then I'd pull away, and it'd be as if that damned elk was looking at me again with those big sad eyes. I lost dozens of friends. I got so frustrated, it was like I'd a zipper on it that had jammed. I nearly went round the twist.

So I went to this doctor in Harley Street. Cost me a fortune. But he was smashing, and seemed so interested. Asked me about my dreams, all that. But I was still all bunched up down there, you know. Then he had this idea. It made sense to me, so I thought I'd give it a whirl with David

Oh, I agree. I shouldn't have tried it in the spare room during my party, but how was I to know David would get pissed and run out of the room, horny as can be, wearing a great elk's head made of *papier-mâché*. I nearly died of embarrassment, and when I heard the laughter I just hid under the sheets, and cried my heart out.

Now everyone's talking about it. It's the great giggle round the Fulham Road, and I can't go anywhere without people laughing. And I'm not kinky. No one understands. They just think of me now as a girl who's got a hang-up on an elk. And I owe that damned head-shrinker fifty pounds. I mean, darling, gosh, but isn't it unfair?

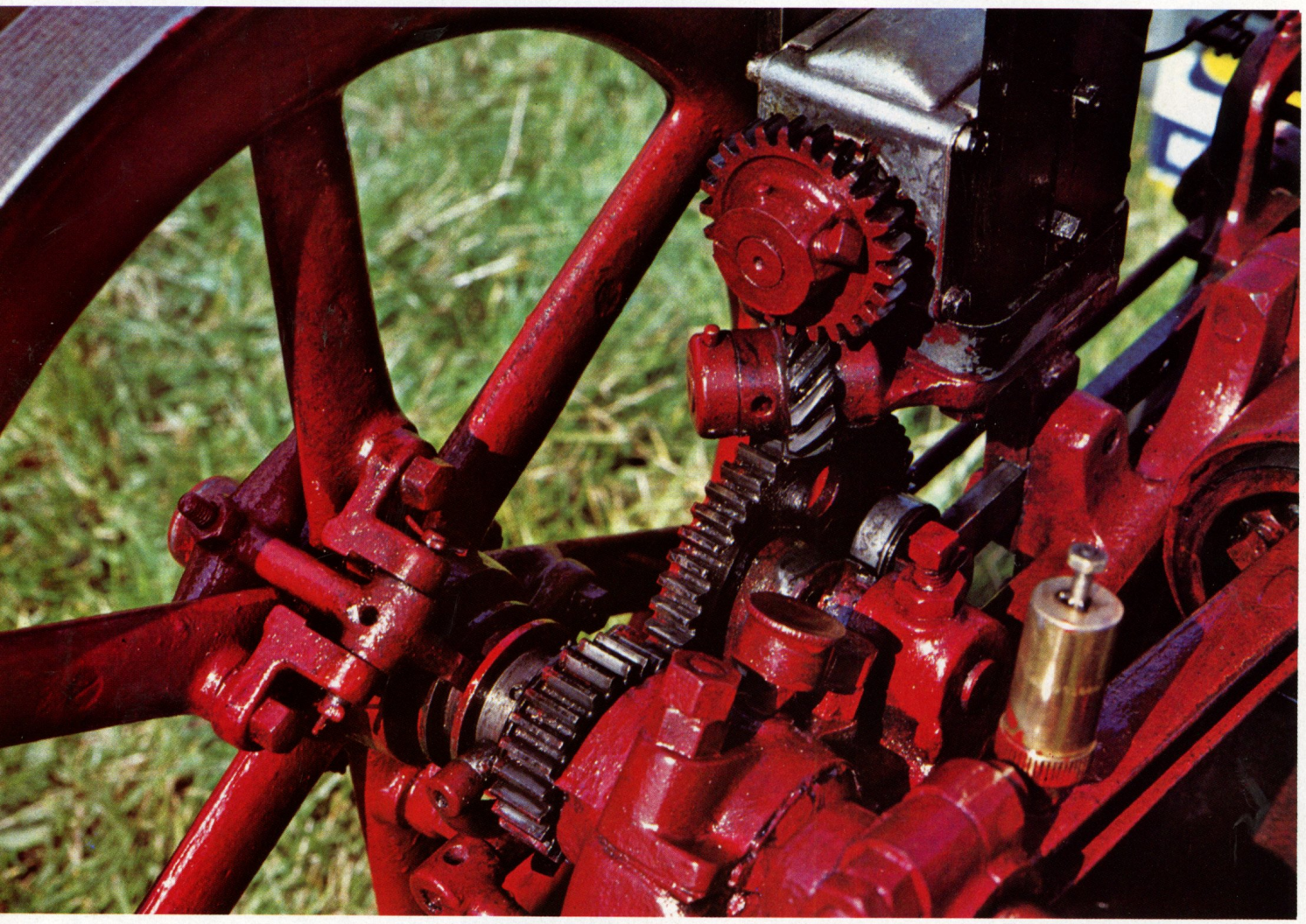


'Now then, Merridrew, we may be paying you a miserable pittance but, credit where it's due, look at all that income tax we're saving you.'

Stationary engines, workhorses of British farming for 50 years before the tractor, are being cleaned and polished, restored to their former glory

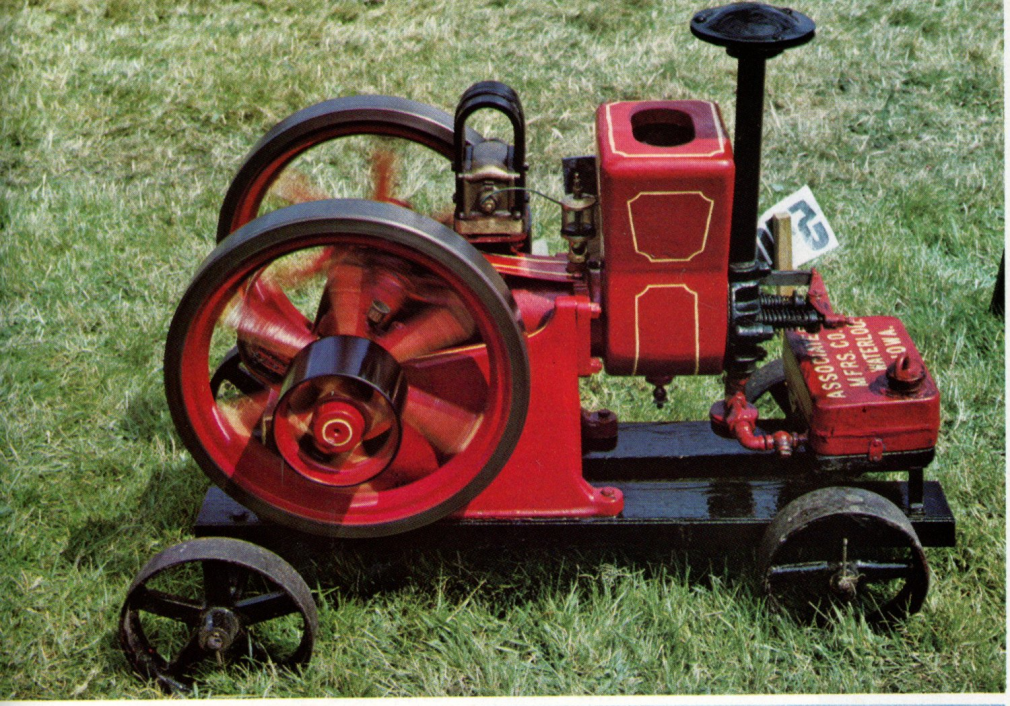
ENGINE-UITY

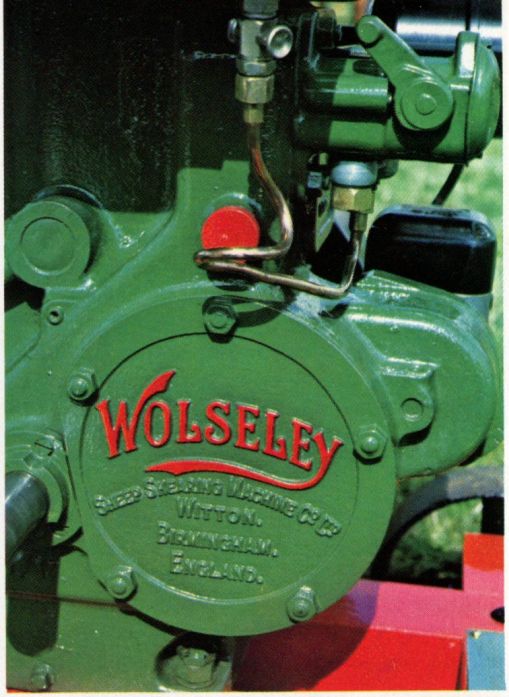
Photographed by Andrew Morland

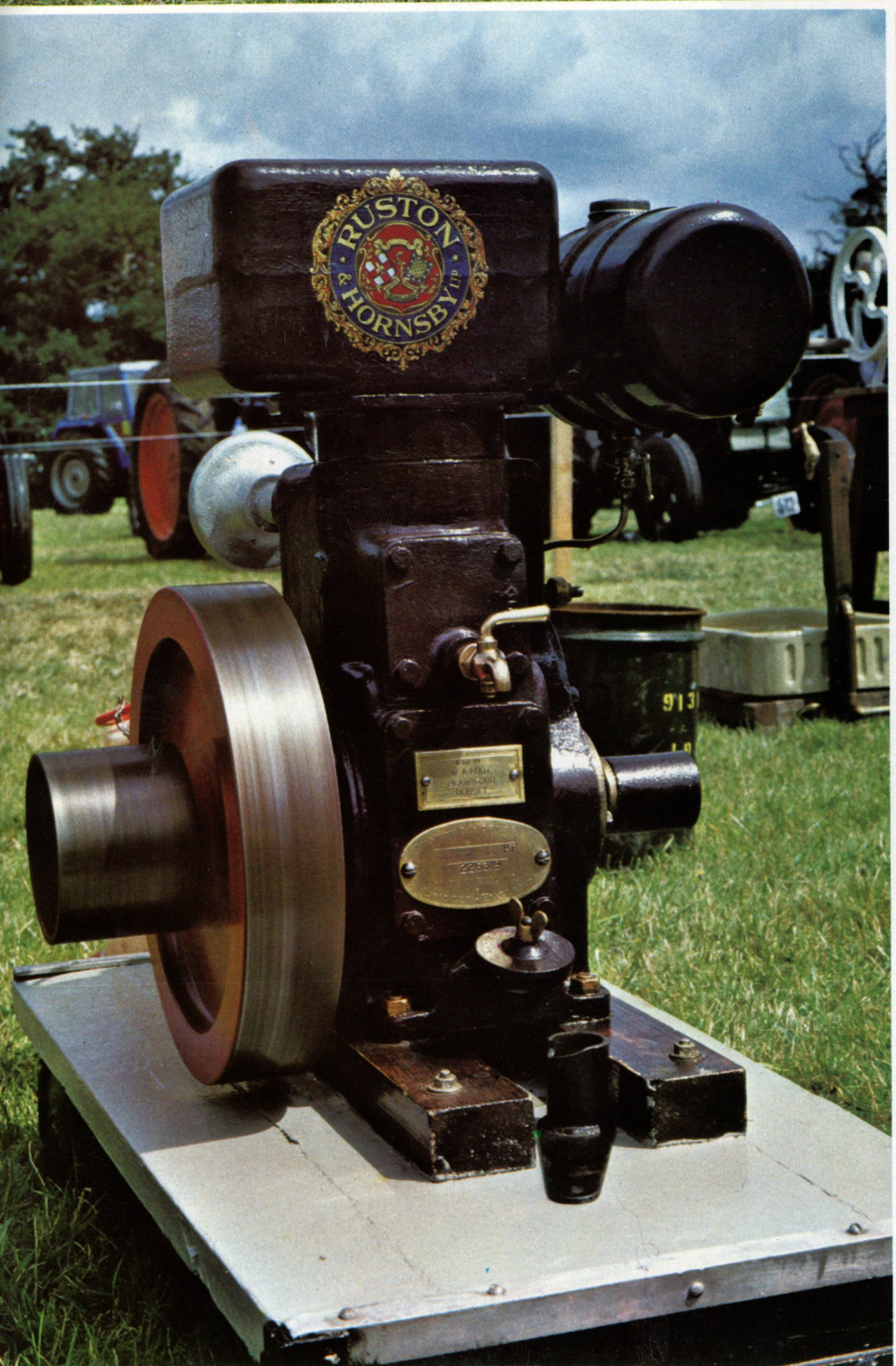


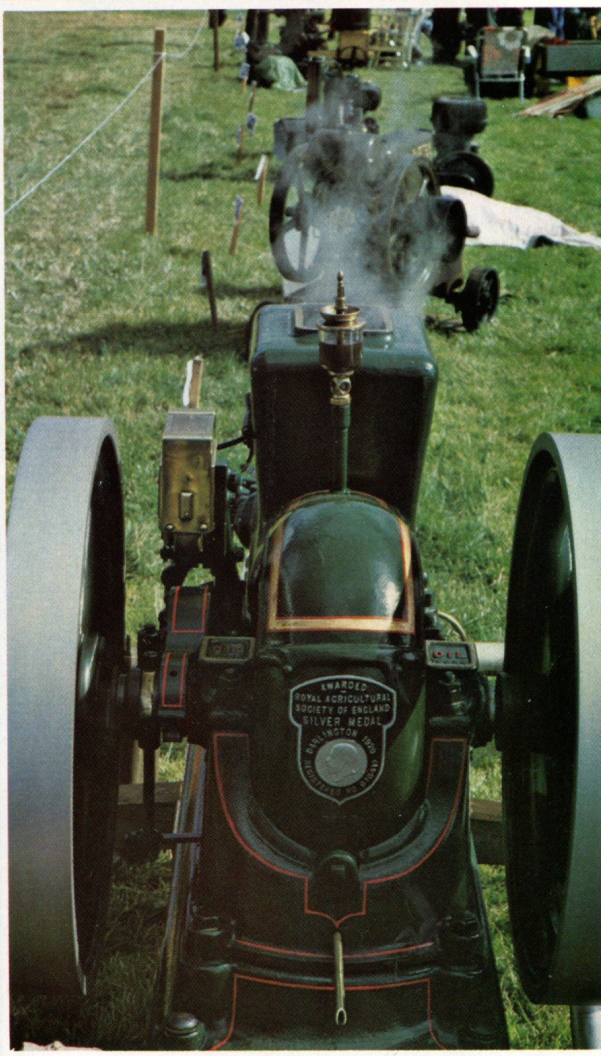
The relentless march of time and progress brings its own rewards even to those it vanquishes. Take for example the stationary engine, the mechanical workhorse of Britain's farms since the early 1900s. The utilisation of the tractor on a large scale after the Second World War sounded the death knell for the practicality of stationary engines. They had outlived their usefulness. The engines themselves were mostly neglected, sold as scrap, hidden away or just left out in fields where the frost cracked their cylinder heads and they rusted away. But today stationary engines are making a comeback, not in practical terms, but as collectors items and can fetch anything up to £2,000–£3,000 for particularly rare specimens. Even models perhaps sold as scrap two years ago would, if still in existence, be worth £500. The engines themselves were used in numerous ways. Some powered shearing or milking apparatus, others were used as chaff cutters, root cutters and as elevators, taking dried and baled hay by means of a belt to the top of ricks, and as small threshing machines.

In the early days, stationary engines were





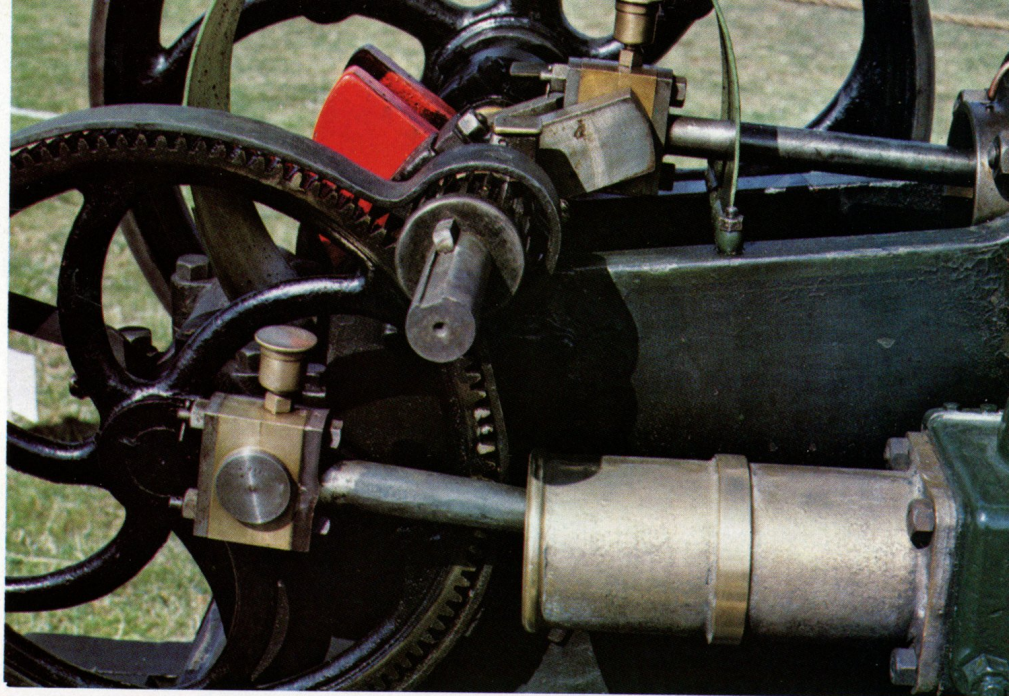


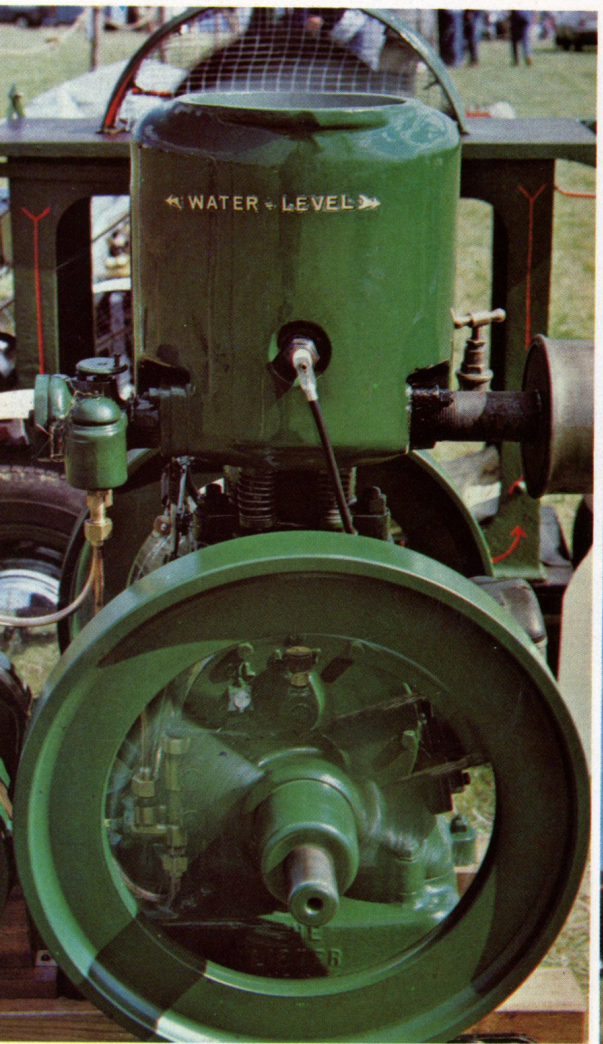


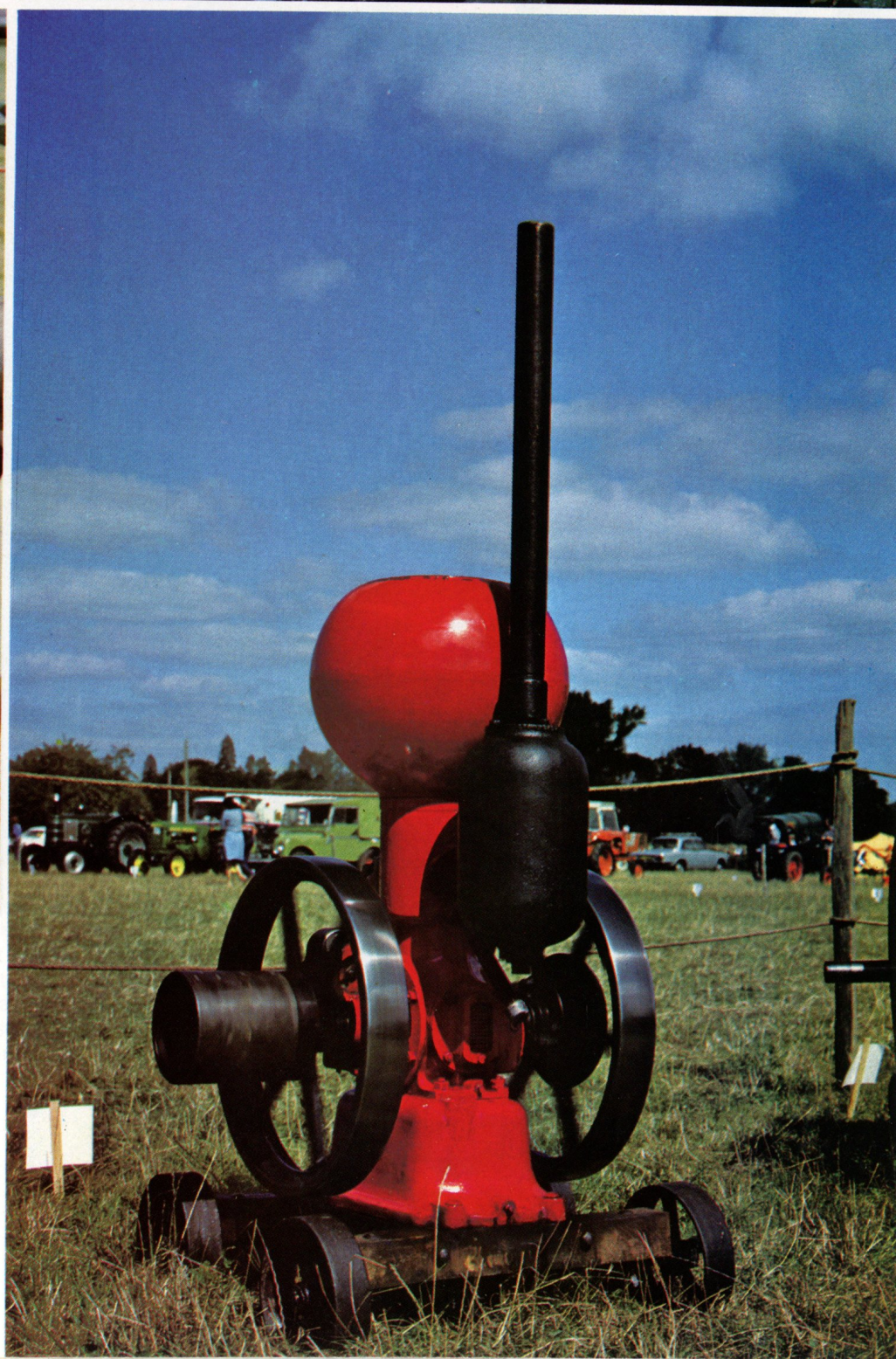
Main picture, opposite: An Amanco 2¼ hp engine with steel cut gears. This page, top left: A 1914 2¼hp Amanco. Top right: A later model, a Wolseley vertical piston 1½ hp engine. Immediate left: A 1½ hp Ruston Hornsby model. Above: A horizontal pistoned 4 hp Bamford, dating from between the Wars. Collectors usually start with one of the more common models which can be purchased for around £50 like the Lister Junior. Stationary engines have also been used to pump water and provide electricity for houses, and to drive potter's wheels.

simple, they needed to be as the farmers themselves lacked the mechanical knowledge to cope if they went wrong, and were even made by local blacksmiths. They ran on any old oil, but as they developed, petrol engines became the norm. Fuel in these early engines would be pumped to the cylinder where it would be heated to combustion by a blow-lamp. It's these first, basic models which now command the high prices at auction. An open crank Ruston Hornsby or a Tangye open crank oil engine in a restored condition could fetch £2,000. A 1½ horse-power late vertical Lister, on the other hand, may raise only £50. The earlier models too, were open cranked, the piston moving backwards and forwards horizontally. In later models the pistons moved vertically, up and down.

The pictures on these pages were taken at the last South Somerset Agricultural

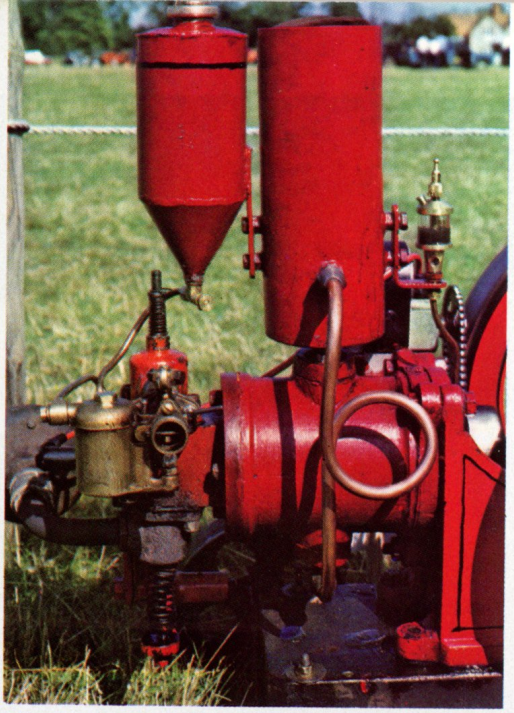


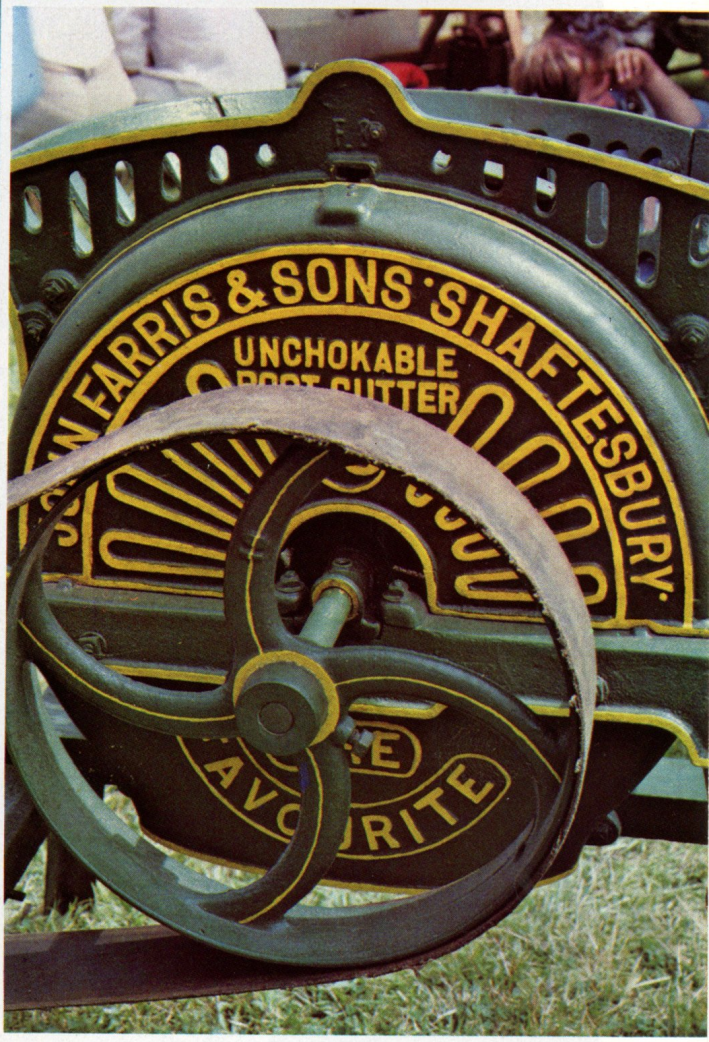


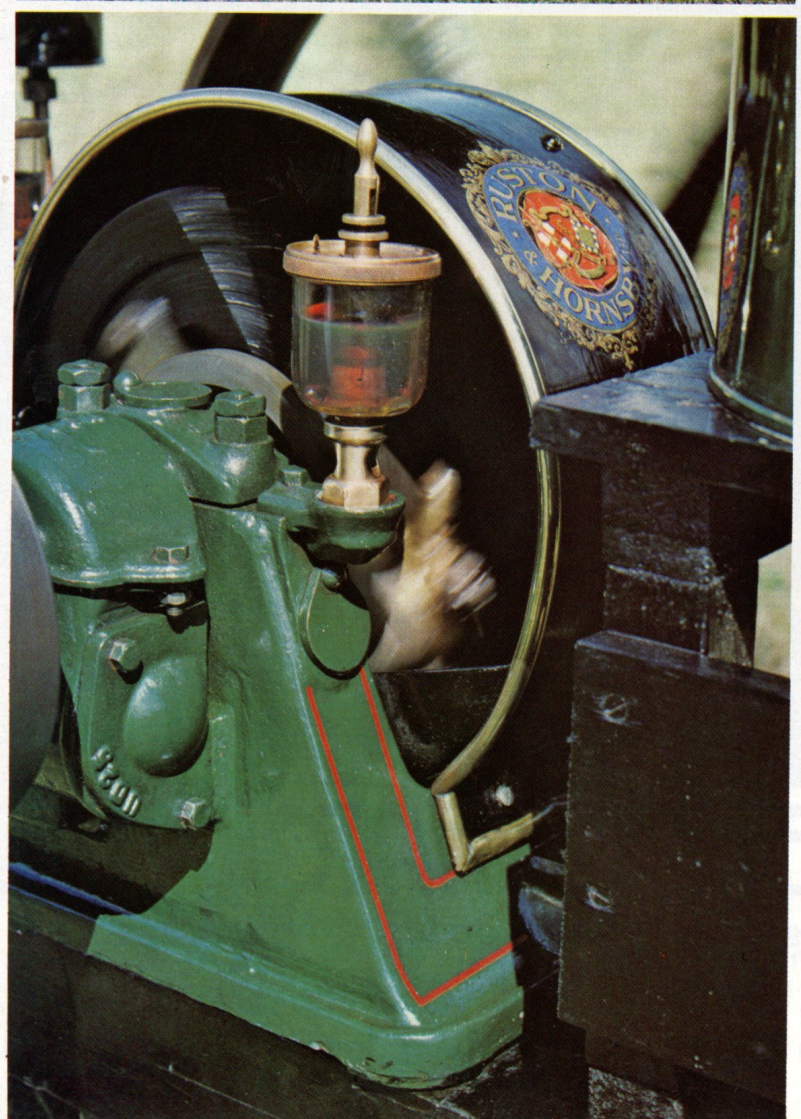


Preservation Club's two-day show. The club has over 400 members of which 150 are stationary engine enthusiasts, and at shows it is not uncommon to see at least 100 engines on display. Once an engine has been tracked down the demanding task of restoration begins, usually taking six months, working perhaps two evenings a week.

Magnetos have to be rewound, the engines have to be cleaned and painted and new gold leaf transfers applied, and then the engines go on display and once again become treasured possessions.







Even today an occasional stationary engine can be found in its intended environment, running vacuum milking machines on farms. Opposite page, top: one of the rarer engines a 1922 2½ hp Blackstone; left: ideal for the layman to start his collection, the quite common Lister Junior 3 hp engine; bottom right: A 1929 Petter Universal Oil 5 hp model. This page, top left: A 4 hp Ruston Hornsby dating from around 1942; top right: an extremely rare 2 hp Lovell, made by a one man company, possibly a village blacksmith. Immediate left: a 3 hp 1926 Ruston Hornsby. Above: a Farris and Sons root cutter.

ILLUSTRATION BY DEREK MATTHEWS

CHEVETTE-THE HAIRY HATCHBACK

Motoring with William Boddy

Nippy, roomy and economical, Vauxhall's little Chevette has been a world wide success since its inception in 1975. Now it takes on the rally giants

Vauxhall Motors and their Chevette small car have been in one's thoughts of late, because the company has been celebrating its 75th anniversary and because the Chevette, in exciting 2.3-litre HS form, has been snatching international rally successes. The Chevette was introduced to the British motoring public in 1975, as Vauxhall's up-to-the-minute small car with the now popular 'hatchback', essential for easy loading of the luggage. A year later this lift-back 1,256 cc Chevette was joined by conventional saloon and estate versions. At first sight the lively, pleasing-to-drive Chevette seems akin to the longer-lived Vauxhall Viva, which is actually a bigger car, with an extra 2½ inches on the wheel-base, although the Chevette saloons are a couple of inches longer than equivalent Vivas. But the cheeky and now-very-popular Chevette from Luton is Vauxhall's modern concept of the smaller sort of family saloon.

It has rear-wheel-drive, which those who purchase it in one of its 11 variations may well prefer to front-wheel-drive (the 'horse *pulls* the cart' theory) which is now all but

universal for the baby car and has been adopted by several manufacturers for larger motor cars. True, Ford use rear-wheel-drive for their Escort, which is Dagenham's parallel to Luton's Chevette. But I wouldn't be surprised to find that, when the existing Escort is replaced by a new Ford of equivalent size, this will be a front-driver. Citroën and Renault pull their big cars along by the front wheels and BMC/British Leyland used it for their 1100 and 1800 cars, following the success of genius Sir Alec Issigonis's Mini, and BL have it now, in the Princess 1800 and 2200 models. On ice and over snow there is added cornering stability with FWD. Fears of the failure of the universal joints between the driveshafts and the steered wheels, which could cause wheel locking and steering snatch, are now a thing of the past. But front-drive usually has the disadvantage of a noisy drive-train between engine and gearbox, which is difficult to reduce with the power pack so close to the driver (Saab solved the problem with a chain transmission that is quieter than gears). It is also unsuited to high power put down through the steered wheels, which is why the biggest V6 Renault tends to judder away from a drag-race at the traffic lights and why all the Formula One GP racing projectiles have rear-wheel drive (Four-wheel-drive for racing is something different again). So, with FWD on the increase, those conservative customers who have good reasons for liking a prop shaft and a driven back-axle will find the Vauxhall Chevette to their liking. Modern radial-ply tyres provide so much road grip that the former advantages of FWD as a fast-cornering formula have diminished, and the Chevette has good location of its back-axle to further enhance the road clinging.

The Vauxhall story from 1946 on is one of expansion, with the opening of new plants and service depots, such as the Ellesmere Port factory which commenced production in 1963, and a vast 700-acre test establishment at Millbroke in the Bedfordshire countryside in 1968. And, let's be honest, some bad patches, when dull engineering and customer complaints overtook the highest aims. But always the name has meant much to those who study motoring history in Britain.

It was in 1971 that a return to serious competition participation was launched. Dealer Team Vauxhall was set up, the genial giant Gerry Marshall made the make his especial care, and in saloon car racing and international rallying the Griffin resumed its proud and rightful place on the race tracks and in the forest stages. Which is where the 2300 HS Chevette comes in.

I have emphasised that the Chevette is a small, very compact little car. It normally has a 1.2-litre engine. So imagine the excitement and comment when it became known that, for rallying, Vauxhall intended to insert a 2.3-litre power pack into this good-handling, lightweight model. Even with the normal push-rod overhead-valve 2,279 cc motors they use in the luxury VX Vauxhalls, the Chevette would be a road-burning bounder. But this rally sensation was to have not just the Big-Four engine – 'there's no substitute for litres' as the old racing-car creators used to say – but also a twin-cam, 16-valve cylinder head!

Here I must impose another mini-lecture. About race and rally rules and regulations. The top-most racing, which is Formula One Grand Prix, has no restricting limits, except that engines mustn't exceed 3-litres, must run on ordinary petrol, and there are a few stipulations about wing (aerofoil) sizes and positionings. Obviously other formulae, F2, F3 and what have you, impose their own restrictions too. But when you get to saloon car racing and rallying, the regulations multiply. Because, you see, while the cars have to be sufficiently fast to hold the paying audience (modern motor racing being Show Biz), the organisers would like you to think that the cars you see racing and being rallied are not too far removed from those you find in the dealers' showrooms. It was so years ago, with those long-duration sports car races, Le Mans included. Then the competing cars had to carry full road equipment, even unto starting motors, lamps, dynamos, and mudguards, even racing sometimes for a few laps with hoods erect. The organisers tried very hard to make these racing sports cars look like catalogue models, even if there were fixed cylinder heads under the bonnets where these should have been detachable, superchargers a size bigger than you could buy, and so on. There was the occasion, for instance, in the 1929 Ulster TT, when a German giant, Otto Merz, who could allegedly drive nails into tables with his bare hand, found the mudguard on one corner of his big, blown sports Mercedes coming off in mid-race. He stopped, leapt out, and literally tore off the offending piece of metal, supports and all. Timid race officials had the frightening task of telling the massive and infuriated German that he had been disqualified – for how could a car with only three mudguards be a sports model? As I said, they did try very hard . . . Today they still try. Thus a car homologated for racing or rallying has to be of a type of which a stipulated number have actually been made. This stops a manufacturer from over-specialising with his competition jobs. Which is what got the Chevette 2300 HS into the news. Equipped with its big twin-cam 4-valves-per-cylinder engine (a type of head used on those 1922 TT Vauxhall racers) it was unlike any catalogue Vauxhall. But alright for rallying, providing 400 similar cars had been made. Had they or would they be, questioned news-hawk journalists? Penti Airikkala began to win important rallies with this potent Chevette. Then came disqualification. 'The competition engine is based on the Lotus 16-valve head, not the head alleged to be in production, but with different valve-angles,' said the officials. 'We have complied with the regulations,' retorted Vauxhall, 'otherwise, why was the car accepted in 1976 for the RAC Rally?'

This scribe isn't going to take sides. I refuse to be drawn, as the shy nudist said. All I know is that when I asked for a road test HS in 1976, thinking it to be a single-cam Magnum-powered Chevette, with hundreds at the factory to endorse homologation, nothing was forthcoming.

But I can tell you that I have since driven the production Chevette 2300 HS and that if you are the sort to pull on string-back gloves and don't mind some caco and bounce, you will find this £5,107 'homologation-special' enormous *fun*. Its top speed of over 115 mph and 0–60 acceleration in 8½ seconds leaves most of the other quick small ones behind – the Triumph Dolomite Sprint comes nearest, even has a slight edge, up to 60 mph. The Vauxhall's Dunlop Sport rubber grips the road like James Hunt and the Armco but you pay for the performance, unless you exploit the surprising flexibility of the 135 bhp alloy-head engine in the fifth speed, with fuel consumption in the region of 18 to 20 mpg. You can get 25 or thereabouts if you pussy-foot a bit, although to do so in this Chevette tarmac-scorcher is a pity.

The ordinary Chevette is very different, auntie's motor, a world best-seller (well, seventh in the UK sales' charts last May). It is offered under the Chevrolet banner as a sub-compact in America and as the Opel Kadett in Germany. Vauxhall's say this isn't badge engineering as the BMC used to do it, as there are subtle differences. In whatever guise, the Chevette is one of the models that is continuing the great reputation the Luton company has achieved down those 75 years.

Penti Airikkala rallying the controversial twin-cam, 16-valve, 2.3-litre Vauxhall Chevette HS. It has the same valve arrangement as the 1922 3-litre TT Vauxhall racer.

Since the days of randy poet Robbie Burns, high culture and the earthier pleasures can be found in Scotland's capital

How I beat a double tattoo in Edinburgh

Part four of Patrick Ede's erotic tour through Britain

It's a stiff climb from the Prince's Street gardens to the castle above – enough, certainly, to take the stuffing out of any man who's just spent a stiff night stuffing the flower of Scottish womanhood (her description, not mine), but the day is glorious, the air clear, the sun warm, and the effort is well worth while. From here you can see well across the city of Miss Jean Brodie and her toothsome gels, and it's hard to imagine that Edinburgh ever had the nickname of *Auld Reekie* (Old Smokie).

But I've come to see the castle, not to moon about Brodie's *crème-de-la-crème*, sweet temptation though it is, and so I attach myself unobtrusively to one of the conducted parties being guided round the ramparts. It's a polyglot group, and I can't imagine that my tagging along will make much difference, but the guide is a man of eagle eye.

'Are you with my party?' (I won't try to transcribe the John Knox magnificence of that resounding Scottish voice.)

It seems a good time to play dumb, so I look back at him blankly.

'I said, are you with my party? If you've paid your money, you're with my party. If you've not, you go round on your own.'

I still look back at him blankly – and still don't move away. 'No speak English.'

That starts things off well and truly. *'Est-ce que vous parlez Francais?'* asks a natty bespectacled Frenchman beside me. *'Sprechen Sie Deutsch?'* tries a heavy gentleman in a raincoat – an Austrian by the accent.

'No speak English.'

By the time a formidable English dowager has tried me in something Central European and an all-American youth has had a go in what I guess to be Mexican-Spanish, they're all baffled, including the guide. So they shrug and leave me alone, but I drift off pretty soon anyway and find myself standing beside a cannon of enormous calibre that used apparently to fire great boulders instead of cannonballs. They call it Mons Meg, and for the life of

ILLUSTRATION BY BILL DARE

me I can't understand why they ever gave the gentle Scots name of Margaret to anything so outstandingly phallic. Inevitably, it sends my mind meandering back to Grace (not her real name, but a substitute that suits her) and the bedroom sports of the night before. Blonde Grace with her long, lean body, her pale blue eyes, her urchin haircut and her full, pouting fellatrice's upper lip that told the truth. Grace with her tight little bottom in its well-broken Levis, that well-split 'crotchy' bum that she'd wagged at me in the disco the previous night, and then closed in to press her small breasts and hard little mound against my different hardness, her fingers playing alternately with the fringe at the back of my neck and the fuzz in my open shirt-front, till we both knew we were going to bed together even before either of us had mentioned it. Then her lips against my ear had stopped teasing and begun whispering about going back to her place, putting records on the hi-fi, stripping off our clothes and screwing all night.

'I'm not much of a one for fancy tricks,' she'd said. 'I like to *fuck*.' She'd made the word *sound* like a cock-thrust, and I'd pulled her involuntarily against my hard-on. 'That's what I like,' she'd said, 'with me up on my knees. Have you ever fucked all night?'

I hadn't – not *all* night – but I was going to try. So we'd left her husband in the disco and taken the car –'Och, his friends'll send him on home in the morning when he's sober' – and we'd gone back to her place, a big house on the road out to the airport, and we'd spread the settee cushions on the lounge floor, and put Floyd on the hi-fi, and stripped off our clothes, and fucked – with her on her knees.

Grace, with her long thighs and well-cleft tiny bum that she'd stuck out at me so I hadn't been able to resist pressing my face in the cleft, tongue questing her trigger in the pale pink folds of wet flesh and the striated dark ring above it – till I'd remembered that she didn't much go for fancy tricks, so I'd straightened on my knees behind her and pushed the folds open with my own 'Mons Meg', pulling her back by her narrow hips until I filled her.

Blonde, animal Grace on her knees, whom I'd struggled against – struggled not to come, that is – but had eventually had to let it rip inside her. And then Grace kneeling over me, taunting my deflated manhood with her tongue and that full fellatrice's lip, till I was ready to take her again. This time slowly, even lazily, while she hovered on the borders of orgasm, occasionally plunging over the precipice and then climbing breathlessly back again, giggling, scratching my balls with her fingernails and telling me how honoured I should be at having the chance to screw myself stupid with the flower of Scottish womanhood.

All night? Not really. By three in the morning, even Grace had had enough, and I'd started to worry about her husband and whether I'd get thrown out of my lodgings if I stayed out all night. So I'd dressed and slipped away, flagged a passing Panda car to ask directions, and been given a lift into the city by a friendly cop. It was festival time in Edinburgh, and the police were used to it.

And now here I was, coming back to life in the fresh sunshine, with Mons Meg for company and Edinburgh spread out below.

'Just imagine, they really used to fire this thing,' said a soft Scottish voice, female, contralto, smooth on the ear.

'They did indeed.' Higher pitched, with an easy lilt.

I turned around and they were both embracing Meg's muzzle, one blonde and frothy curled, the other with dark, shoulder-length hair, both about twenty by the look of it, the blonde in tee-shirt and jeans, the other in a blouse and wrap-around skirt.

I said, 'Must have been quite a sight, mustn't it?'

They looked up – and then burst out laughing. 'Did I not say he was a fraud?' This was the brunette with the contralto voice.

'She did indeed,' said the frothy-haired blonde. 'No speak English! You should be ashamed!' Then they both burst out laughing again.

'Oh, I am.'

'You look it.'

'So what do you want me to do?' I grinned.

They exchanged glances like a comedy double act. 'I don't know,' said the brunette. 'What *do* we want him to do?'

'He could help us find some lodgings,' said the blonde.

'There,' I said, 'I just *might* be able to help.'

'Do you think you might?' said the brunette.

We went down to find a coffee and I told them about my own lodgings with the redoubtable Mrs G——, who only the day before had expelled an English couple who'd disgraced her house by over-indulgence in the demon drink. ('Apart from anything else,' she'd told me after the deed, 'what would the bin-men think of me, with the bins full of gin and whisky bottles?')

The girls – I'll call them Clare (blonde) and Denise (brunette) – were both student-teachers. They'd arrived from Glasgow that morning with one holdall, a Honda-made-for-two, and the hope of finding some digs and taking in some of the festival. They must have been joking. Spare accommodation in Edinburgh at festival-time is as rare as French letters in a nunnery. So I gave them Mrs G——'s address and they took off like a pair of nervous UFOs. They didn't even wait for the coffee.

When I got back to Mrs G——'s, the Honda was in the front garden and the girls in the front room drinking tea. 'Will you take a cup?' said Mrs G——. I would. Clare and Denise made a pair as only long-time friends can. They acted alike and

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reacted alike, and managed to give an impression of similarity, even though physically they were quite different. The blonde Clare was narrow-shouldered and slight, pert-faced and pert-breasted. Denise was altogether chubbier, brown-eyed, full-hipped and slightly shorter, with rounded breasts that you knew would feel soft and heavy in the fingers. Yet they both radiated the same kind of schoolgirlish fun and wickedness, particularly in the double act repartee which seemed their main conversational stock-in-trade.

At the moment, though, even the button-bright Clare seemed depressed.

'You got the room, didn't you?' I said.

'Oh, sure,' said Denise, 'but we've just been talking to the festival office on the telephone. They've got practically no tickets.'

I could have told them that much myself. At that point, though, I suddenly went soft. Whether it had anything to do with the proximity of Clare's softly pointing nipples, Denise's well-rounded handfuls, or just two pairs of appealing eyes, I'll leave you to judge.

'I've got a ticket for tonight's concert at the Usher Hall,' I said. 'If you'd like to take in half the programme each, you can have it.'

'Do you really not want it?' said Clare.

'I can live without it,' I said.

'But what will *you* do,' Denise asked.

I grinned. 'Edinburgh's changed a lot since I was here before. I just might go and have a look at the go-go dancers in one of the pubs off the Royal Mile.'

'Topless dancers?' said Denise. 'Did you know there were topless dancers here in Edinburgh?' she asked Clare. On her face it was hard to tell shock from glee.

Clare nodded. She'd been working at the teachers' centre in nearby Bathgate, and she knew her Edinburgh well. 'And what would you want with topless dancers?' she taunted Denise. 'Do you want him to think we're funny or something?' Then she turned the same teasing smile at me.

'Don't mind me,' I said. 'I'm very broad-minded.'

'Oh, so are we, so are we,' laughed Clare.

'That sounds promising.'

'Oh, I didn't say we were *promising*!'

Evening, and the girls go into the city to share my concert ticket, while I take a break from culture-vulturing and take myself off to the Royal Mile, to sample the local booze and the local boobs.

There's a commonly held fallacy that Scots girls do not have it in them to grow a decent pair of breasts. It just isn't true – and there's nothing false, either, about tonight's star attraction. She's a big, braw, bonnie lass, fair of face, thigh and buttock, and is the proud owner of a bonnie, sonsie pair that swing and bounce like the only two real chieftains o' the pudding race and bring out the Robbie Burns in my breeches in a way that the randy poet himself would have greatly approved.

Someone tells me that she's called Ann and that she's a great favourite with the regulars. It's not hard to see why. While Abba pound the air in bass-heavy stereo, she pounds the boards, jouncing and jiggling those pale Pictish juggernauts in independent front suspension, and letting fly with whirling swirls of a mini-kilt that flares wide to reveal a comely Scots arse neatly dissected by a pair of very brief, well-pulled-up, cornflower blue panties. It may not be what the Argylls wear, but it satisfies my curiosity well enough about that ancient Sassenach query.

'I take it you like your women well-built,' says that contralto voice, suddenly beside me, just as I'm mentally tugging down those little blue knickers and feasting the mind's eye on some appetising flashes of moist blonde hair.

It's Denise who's just appeared beside me, flushed with the romance of Mahler and softly bra-less as her well-filled blouse brushes my arm. I let my arm enjoy the sensation for a moment before slipping it round her waist and giving her a friendly but not quite chaste hug. My fingertips just reach the underswell of the far breast.

'You're not exactly a littl'un yourself, are you? How did you manage to find me?'

'What makes you think I was trying?'

'Well, I didn't imagine you'd come for the show.'

Denise laughs. 'Why not? It's a free country.'

We have a drink together and watch the still gyrating Ann. 'You don't think she's maybe a shade too big?' says Denise. 'They're very beautiful, but they'll soon drop – especially if she carries on with all this bra-less dancing.'

I allow my fingertips to give that underswell a teasing nudge. 'And I suppose you abandon Women's Lib any time you go to a disco, is that it?'

'I'm not as big as she is.'

'Show me!'

'What, here?'

Mahler and malt whisky have combined to make Denise not only excitable but hungry. We decide against a sit-down meal, though, and opt to call in at one of the local chip shops on the way back to Mrs G——'s. And Clare's making her own way back, anyway.

So we buy chips and that peculiar Scottish speciality, 'mealie pudding' – a sort of overgrown white sausage stuffed with barley – and I can't help teasing Denise as she picks it up in her fingers and takes an end in her mouth. 'They wouldn't recommend you do *that* in *Woman's Weekly*!'

'Are you trying to put me off?' she says with her mouth full.

'On the contrary, I'm trying to turn you on.'

'First things first,' says Denise. 'D'you know, apart from Mrs G——'s tea this afternoon, I've been walking round with an empty tum since breakfast?'

'I could do something about that.'

'I think that might make me even hungrier.'

'So eat your mealie pudding.'

The house is quiet when we return, so I let us in with the door key that Mrs G—— has given me – a six-inch iron monster that looks as if it could be used to raise a portcullis – and decide that it's now or never with Denise, so I invite her in my room 'for a quick drink and a cuddle.'

'I don't think I should drink any more,' she says. 'But I'll come for a cuddle.'

I pour a couple of nips, anyway, just in case she changes her mind, and we have a little cuddle. When she seems quite happy about letting me fondle one breast through her blouse, I decide to go for broke and slip my hand inside. Her breast feels surprisingly hard for all its fullness, and

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'It looks as though the mother ship's malfunctioning badly again.'

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in due course the nipple grows hard, too. 'Do you know, this is the very first time I've ever cuddled a schoolteacher?' I tell her.

'Well, be a good boy and perhaps it won't be the last.'

The knock on the door comes just as we're sitting on the edge of the bed and I'm on the point of introducing Denise's hand into my open fly where waits my very own brand of mealie pudding. She buttons her blouse, I zip up, and I go to the door. It's not Mrs G——; it's Clare.

'I thought I heard you come back,' she said.

'Come in,' says Denise. 'We're just having a little drink and a cuddle!''

'Has he got one for me?' says Clare.

'A drink or a cuddle?' says Denise.

'Can't I have both?' says Clare.

'Group sex may not be his scene,' says Denise.

'Oh, I think it is,' says Clare.

In fact, I have such a hard time with this pair just trying to get a word in edgeways, I begin to wonder if I'll be any luckier trying to get a prick in lengthways – but I resist the temptation to say so. I ask Clare if she enjoyed her half of the concert.

'It was fine,' she lilts. 'How about you, Denise?' Denise nods. Then Clare laughs. 'Well, you've both still got your clothes on, so I take it you've not yet thanked him properly for the ticket?'

'Do you think we should *both* thank him?' Clare thumps down on the bed beside us, stretching herself out on Mrs G——'s coverlet and folding her arms behind her head. Her breasts stand small and pointed, and Denise reaches across and tweaks a nipple. 'Randy bi-sexual cow!' says Clare. 'What about it, then? Shall we take him back to our big double bed?'

'A minute ago, he was saying he'd never had a cuddle with a schoolteacher,' says Denise.

'Then this could be his big night,' says Clare. 'Anyway, if we thank him really nicely, you never know, he might even have one or two more spare tickets!' I don't argue, because her hand is already in my fly. And I do have a ticket for the opera . . .

Their room, upstairs, is smaller than mine, but it has a full-size double bed. It doesn't take us long to be in it.

And whether it's because they're a randy pair of females, or just because they're music-lovers, I wouldn't like to say - but they make an energetic and imaginative recompense for my lost Mahler. And I'm not complaining . . .

I'd been telling the truth about schoolteachers, incidentally; but my experience of well-educated females, from sixth-form level upwards, has been revealing. There's no doubt about it. Educated females are the randiest kind. The more they have between the ears, it seems, the more they like between their legs – not to mention lips and buttocks. These two are no exception. They give themselves, and take for themselves, without stinting. As Brodie herself would put it – and it's an image I can't help bringing to mind as I lay between them – these two are the *crème-de-la-crème*.

We switch out the light (their suggestion) and, from then on, we are our own private orgy, working by feel, and feeling nothing but each other's hot and wet places, softness and hardnesses, smoothness and sharpnesses: the nip of hard, girlish teeth (probably Clare's) around a *glans*; the wet press of a waiting pussy against my thigh; the nobbly firmness of a pip-like nipple (Denise's?) between my lips; the musky closeness of a curly fringed sex against my cheek – and then spreading itself over my face.

My hands slide upwards along the rib cage, and the breasts that overflow through my fingers tell me that the thighs enveloping my face belong to Denise; which means that it's Clare who now straddles my hips, takes me in her hands and guides me into the wet clasp of her inner heat. Then Clare's hands meet mine on Denise's breasts, and we both fondle her together.

All the while, there's a deal of giggling and whispering going on – whispering which I can't really make out, because of my own excitement and the press of Denise's thighs against my ears. But, once again, I feel that I'm in the 'third-person': being used for their satisfaction in the same way that they use me in the crossfire of their conversation.

Then Denise leans forward, releasing the pressure on my ears – and the sounds tell me, and my hands tell me, that they're now clasping each other, soft breast against soft breast, open mouth against open mouth, kissing the deep kiss of schoolgirl lovers while they use my tongue, my cock, for a pleasure shared.

I'm there with them; and yet I'm not there at all. Even when they come – Clare first, and then both of them together – they expend the force of their joy not on me but on each other, clasping, kissing, giggling in each other's arms.

There's a girlish arrogance about it that brings me quite suddenly to the boil. Brodie's gels at their pleasures. I erupt at both ends, thrusting my tongue at Denise and my cock into Clare; but it's Clare that gets the *crème-de-la-crème*.

When I subside, Clare climbs off and they both disappear, still giggling, to the bathroom. Indeed, I could do with some soap and water myself, but when I find that they've bolted themselves in, I slip back quietly to my own room.

Mrs G—— has to rouse me for breakfast. The girls are just finishing theirs, and both look as bright as sparrows on a spring morning. They twitter together over the marmalade. 'He hasn't succumbed then, after all!' says Denise.

'Evidently not,' lilts Clare.

'Will you be wanting some more tea?' says Mrs G——, coming in with my breakfast. I nod, mouth full of bread and butter.

'You'll be glad to hear that these two young ladies are to stay with us a while,' she adds.

'Mmmm,' says Denise. 'We've managed to find someone with some tickets. Aren't we lucky, Mrs G——?'

Mrs G—— says nothing but looks at us all like a worldly-wise and untrusting mother hen. Then she shuts the door firmly behind her, as if she washes her hands of the lot of us.

'So you've found someone with some tickets, have you?'

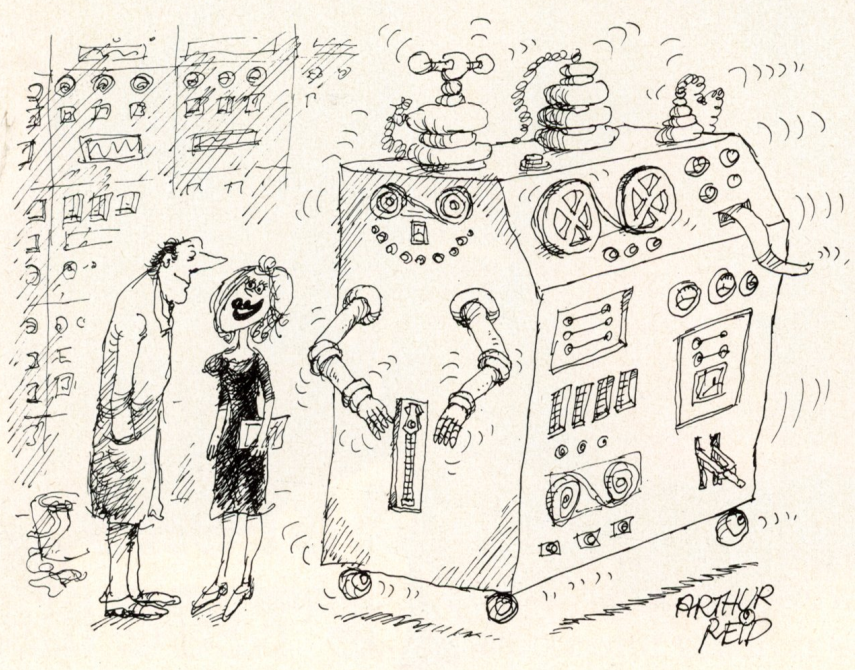
'That's if he'll co-operate,' says Denise.

'I'm sure he will,' says Clare.

'Same terms as last time?' I might as well put my cards on the table, I decide.

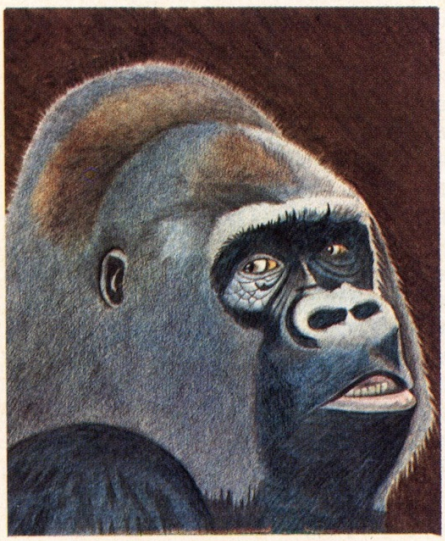
'Well,' says Clare, 'we reckoned that four acts of opera works out at one act apiece – and we'll toss you for the *grand finale*!'

'You have to do better than toss me if you want a night at the opera,' I say.



'I'll bet I know something your computer can't do!'

Gentlemen, that reminds me...



A round-up of after-dinner jokes

A man who was having an affair with a married Chinese woman was stopped in the street one day by the lady's husband who told him to leave his wife alone. The man punched the Chinaman on the nose and told him to push off.
The Chinaman warned him that if he didn't stop seeing his wife he would invoke the curse of the three Chinese tortures, at which point the seducer laughed. That night the philanderer visited the Chinese woman again and the following morning woke up in his first floor bedroom with a terrible pain in his chest. He cleared his eyes and saw an enormous rock placed on his chest – his breathing was becoming more difficult and he was slowly suffocating. Printed across the rock was 'Chinese torture No 1'.
He laughed and being a big strong brute easily picked the rock up and tossed it through the open window. Just after he let go and the rock flew out the window, it turned and underneath it he saw a second sign saying 'Chinese torture No 2 – right testicle attached to rock.'
He quickly got out of bed and dived out of the window after the rock to avoid damage to his nether regions. As he passed through the frame he saw a note on the windowsill saying 'Chinese torture No 3 – left testicle tied to leg of bed.'

When the Sultan arrived home unexpectedly, his wife let out a terrified sheik.

It was the last day of term in a large girls' public school and the headmistress was addressing the assembled girls of the sixth form.
'Now, girls, tomorrow many of you will be leaving school and going out into the world where you will meet many difficulties and temptations. I have one important thing to say to you. It is this: Half an hour's pleasure may mean a lifetime of sorrow. If I can give you any advice or help you in any way, come and see me in my study after tea.'
After tea there was a knock on the headmistress's door and a sweet seventeen year old came in.
'What can I do for you my dear?'
'How on earth,' enquired the angelic girl, 'do you make it last half an hour?'

An eccentric professor had deduced that he could produce the missing link if he could find someone willing to mate a giant female gorilla. The professor visited a local building site and put his proposals to the foreman, offering him £100 if he could persuade one of his workmen to have sex with the gorilla, and added that he would be willing to pay the volunteer £200.
'I'm after a volunteer to mate with a gorilla for £200,' the foreman told his men.
'Oi'll do it,' piped up Paddy, 'on three conditions.'
The foreman returned to the professor and told him he had found the man.
'But he'll only do it on three conditions,' explained the foreman. 'He wants the gorilla's arms tied behind her back so she can't scratch him. He wants her muzzled, so that she can't bite him.'
The professor agreed and then asked for the third condition.
'You'll have to give him six weeks.'
The professor asked why, and they called in Paddy who explained that it would take him that long to save up the £200.

Heard about the widow who wore black garters in memory of those who had passed beyond?

There was once a well-known sporty lady who, asked if she preferred riding side-saddle or astride, replied that it didn't matter to her: it was as broad as it was long.

A man entered a chemist shop and asked the girl assistant for a deodorant.
'The ball type or aerosol?' enquired the assistant.
'Neither,' said the man, indignantly, 'just the stuff for under arms.'

Some years ago His Holiness the Pope was in London to attend a theological conference. He was, of course, travelling incognito. After a hard day in discussions he fancied a meal and strolled into one of the capital's many steak houses. 'I'd like a steak, please,' he told the waiter.
'Certainly, sir, would you like it rare, medium or well done?'
'I rather think I'd like it rare, please.'
The waiter called through to the kitchen, 'One bloody steak.'
The Pope was aghast and reprimanded him for the use of bad language.
'No, no,' explained the waiter, 'when I say bloody I mean nice and rare, plenty of blood in it.'
Mollified by this explanation he went on to enjoy a most satisfactory meal.
Some weeks later His Holiness was again in London, this time on an official visit, and quite by chance he and one of his cardinals came upon the self same establishment.
'I know this place,' said the Pope. 'I'll treat you to a nice steak.' As they went in the Pope saw the same waiter and called out to him 'Two bloody steaks!'
The cardinal nudged the Pope in his ribs and said, 'And plenty of fucking chips, eh?'

The chief of Police in Algiers
Is not the kind man he appears.
He gets great delight out of
Kicking the shite out of
Pedarasts, perverts and queers.

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QUEST

The laboratory of human response Volume Eleven

This month Quest possesses an unusual quality. More by coincidence than by design our researchers managed to interview three people involved in a love triangle. The two women and a man agreed to talk frankly and their revelations provide an intriguing insight into the background–emotional and physical – and complexities of such entanglements.

INTERVIEWS

(*In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.*)

One **Chartered accountant, aged 28, town of origin Wolverhampton**

This – male – interviewee had married at the age of 26 after a brief engagement. His marriage had broken up after a year and he was now living with a girlfriend, his former secretary. They planned to marry when his divorce came through.

Quest: Why did your marriage break up?

Accountant: Because I married for the wrong reasons. If I'd been able to see things clearly I would never have asked Sarah.

Quest: Why didn't you see things clearly?

Accountant: Because I was obsessed with her. She is a sexy lady and very attractive. It's only her personality that leaves something to be desired.

Quest: You're talking about sexual obsession?

Accountant: Very much so. Sarah is probably the most experienced girl I've ever been involved with. She was an extraordinary mixture of opposites – for a start she looked sexy – it was hard not to want her. And to talk to she could be quite outrageous but she could also act almost puritanically, as if the suggestion of doing anything naughty would really upset her. I'm sure if she acted as sexy as she looks most men would run a mile.

Quest: Did you when you met her?

Accountant: I didn't get the chance then. When I first saw her it was at a tennis club I used to belong to. I hadn't been for ages because of exams and I only wandered in by chance. She was sitting in the bar chatting to this blond fellow I'd seen around vaguely. Apparently she'd joined a week or so before. We were all saying, 'Wouldn't mind a bit of that' but I don't think any of us seriously considered we had a hope with her. Then someone said she was engaged to the blond fellow – he was the Greek god type anyway, the sort you'd expect to see her with; and they were inseparable. So I more or less forgot her. Then nearly a month after that – it might even have been longer – I'd finished my exams and I fancied a game of tennis one Saturday. I rang up a friend and he told me someone had just dropped out of a foursome and I was welcome to come along. My partner turned out to be Sarah. I

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Quest represents an invaluable insight into female sexuality. Past surveys have covered a wide variety of subjects under this heading, a choice of which is still available in back numbers.

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remember I played disastrously, I think she overawed me. I knew I fancied her like mad, but I was desperate to find out about the boyfriend. Was he just away for the weekend? Should I take this opportunity to ask her out anyway?

Quest: What did you do?

Accountant: Very little. The incredible thing to me was that she didn't seem to notice what an idiot I was making of myself. After the game, which we lost, we all went for a drink in the bar and the other couple left within about fifteen minutes. So I found myself alone with her. And I asked her out for the following week. It was so easy. She seemed quite happy to come.

Quest: How did the date go?

Accountant: I still had no idea what the position was with the Greek god boyfriend, so I suggested an early film with the option of a dinner later. I didn't expect anything extraordinary to happen. I was still living at home then and she'd mentioned she was staying with her parents. So I was quite surprised.

Quest: That something happened?

Accountant: Oh it was friendly and normal to start with; I picked her up at her parents' house and we went straight to the cinema, so there wasn't that much opportunity to talk. But when I suggested a meal afterwards she seemed quite keen. That's when she told me about James – the Greek god. She wasn't terribly explicit but I had the distinct impression he was her regular boyfriend, though he was inclined to be 'awkward' – her word, and he was away for a few days. By then I'd almost given up; the evening was obviously a 'just good friends' thing and I might as well forget it, so I drove her home after the meal quite prepared for a cheery goodbye.

Quest: But that didn't happen?

Accountant: I parked outside her house, expecting her to leap out but she just sat there and it suddenly occurred to me that she expected me to make some kind of move. So I said something absurd like, 'Well, thanks for a lovely evening, Sarah' and bent to peck her on the cheek, but as I did that she turned her head and I found myself kissing her, and she was kissing me back just as enthusiastically. Then her tongue was in my mouth and we were practically sprawling across the front seats. But in the end I had to come up for air, and Sarah smiled and said, 'That was nice', and didn't move.

Quest: She was below you on the seat?

Accountant: I had almost sat up, half afraid someone would pass. It was quite a well-lit street. Then I looked down and saw that Sarah had stretched out one leg and bent the other so that her skirt was rucked up and her panties were almost completely visible. And she must have known that I could see. I couldn't believe it. She seemed to be offering everything and there was nothing I could do properly in the car. So I leaned down again and we started another passionate session, only this time she brought up my leg beside me and seemed to be pressing her crotch against me. I was slipping by now and I had to put my arm down suddenly to catch the edge of her seat and stop myself falling over. I touched the seat but it meant my hand was practically pressing into her crotch. And instead of objecting or moving away she actually seemed to be pushing herself against me and moaning as we kissed. Suddenly she gave a shudder and broke off the kiss and lay breathlessly under me. She'd had a climax, which had never happened to me on a first date before. She was purring; she said, 'Oh thank you, Matthew, that was gorgeous. I'm sorry it wasn't as nice for you.' I didn't know what to say; I mumbled something about it being OK, and she smiled and said, 'Well next time, perhaps.'

Quest: How did the relationship progress?

Accountant: Not very easily. She always seemed glad to see me but there was always James in the background. I saw her perhaps once or twice a week and it was great, but if she couldn't make it I knew it was because of him. And weekends were impossible unless he was away.

Quest: Were you having sex with her?

Accountant: We didn't have intercourse until she finally broke with James, but we were doing almost everything else.

Quest: Was she sexually experienced?

Accountant: She could fellate beautifully. That had only happened to me once before and after a lot of argument with a girl I'd once been engaged to. Sarah seemed to want to do it all the time. The ridiculous thing was I had never seen her naked until the weekend we had intercourse. She used to slip her bra and her knickers off in the car and sit with just a jumper and skirt on while we played with each other. Then one Saturday night she rang me up and said, 'It's all over; James has gone. Come and have dinner at my place tomorrow night. My parents are away until Monday afternoon.' So that's when it finally happened, naked on the carpet in her parents' living room. The week after that we became engaged and married two months later.

Quest: When did things start to go wrong?

Accountant: Quite soon, when I think back. We had a honeymoon in Greece when we never got out of bed for a fortnight and it was almost the same when we got back; my work went to pot. We were buying all sorts of erotic undies – there was one French corselet thing that cost a fortune. I felt I was the wickedest man alive. But then suddenly we seemed to be arguing all the time. Sarah was permanently off-colour. I was sympathetic at first but then it seemed she was being deliberately wilful. Perhaps I should have been kinder, I don't know. But we seemed to go from extreme to extreme; either everything was perfect or it was hell.

Quest: Was this when you first got involved with your secretary?

Accountant: I never intended to get involved with anyone, let alone Audrey. She'd joined my firm the week after I took out Sarah, so I never took much notice. She was quite attractive but in a very quiet way – she was a good secretary and we laughed a lot together.

Quest: When did things change?

Accountant: Not at any special time. I

suppose I did use Audrey as a sounding board for my problems with Sarah – it was so easy stuck in the same office with her for five days a week. Then there was the stockings and suspender thing.

Quest: What was that?

Accountant: I'd bought this really exotic looking suspender belt for Sarah – which I didn't find easy; it was about six months after our marriage and one of our good periods. And Audrey came back to the office after lunch and found me examining them. We had this silly teasing conversation about what really turned me on. The thing was, Audrey was almost a sister – she'll hate me for this – I could be quite frank with her because she was interested but she wasn't any kind of threat. She struck me as fairly inexperienced, which in fact she was, then. I suppose I was showing off a little. There was never anything physical between us. Not until the firm's annual dinner.

Quest: What happened then?

Accountant: The six weeks before had been absolute murder with Sarah. She'd spent a weekend with her parents, just for a break, she said. But when she came back she was impossible. We hardly talked, let alone had sex. I didn't know what to do. Then she said she couldn't make the firm's dinner and I was too tired to argue. The next day I found out that Audrey wasn't bringing anyone and I offered to run her home afterwards – it usually went on late; but there was no question of me taking her. And that's when it all happened.

Quest: You had sex with her?

Accountant: To be honest sex was the last thing on my mind. I was too worried about Sarah. I know I had too much to drink at the dinner, which wasn't over until after one. All I can remember is Audrey appearing in front of me as people started to leave and saying, 'Don't tell me; you've forgotten all about my lift.' Which frankly I had. So I blustered a bit, which she only laughed at, and off we went; I really didn't think I should be driving but the alternative was going home to Sarah and more strained silence, so I didn't really care. When I reached Audrey's place – she had a flat at the top of an old Victorian house – she invited me in for coffee. We walked up to her landing which was virtually an attic and I remember standing on the stairs below Audrey while she looked for her key. She was wearing a stole over a long sleeveless gown with a long slash up to her thigh – very daring for her, it struck me. Then she couldn't find the key in her bag and murmured something about her emergency spare and lifted up on tiptoes to take another key off the ledge at the top of the door. I don't know quite how she did it but the slash in her gown fell right back and I saw she was wearing stockings and what looked like a highly elaborate suspender belt. I burst out, 'What have you go on, Audrey?' She looked at me almost hurt and said, 'I thought you liked that sort of thing.'

Quest: How did you react?

Accountant: I laughed, out of embarrassment, I suppose. If she was putting on special undies just for me, she must assume I was going to see them, which was very flattering and totally unexpected. We went into the flat and I started burbling 'What gave you the idea, Audrey?' while she fussed about the kitchen, obviously just as embarrassed as I was. I followed her in and suddenly she burst into tears. She said, 'Why did you think I did it, Matthew? I'm just being stupid. Why don't you go now, before I make an even bigger fool of myself?' Then it all came clear to me. I hadn't had the faintest idea, being so befuddled by Sarah. Now I either had to bumble off or do something.

Quest: So you did something?

Accountant: I made her turn round and pulled her to me and told her it was the nicest thing anyone had ever done for me and started to kiss her forehead and then her cheek and suddenly I realised I wanted her. She was leaning right against me by now and she felt it too. She said, 'I don't care about reasons, Matthew. If you want me you can have me. I'm not asking anything else.' I couldn't think of a thing to say. We went into the living room and she turned off all the lights except a tiny reading lamp and very slowly we got undressed. I'll never forget the way Audrey stood in that dim light, absolutely naked but for the stockings and suspender belt, looking so vulnerable and little-girlish and still so sexy – she has a beautiful little body. I'd never have guessed under the clothes she wears. And I found my prick was harder than it had been for months. Very gently I took her hand and drew her down onto the floor next to me. She said, 'I think this is the most wicked thing I've ever done.' I don't think she was even talking to me. And I leaned down and kissed her nipples and then her stomach – she was trembling like a leaf – and rested my hands on her bush; it was like a little wet furnace. Then I said, 'Take off that belt thing; I just want you as you are.' And as soon as she'd unclipped it I lay across her and we began caressing and in seconds I'd entered her.

Quest: When did you leave your wife?

Accountant: I moved out at the end of that month. Oddly enough things got better when we both knew it was over – Sarah raised no objection to my leaving. I don't know if she'd had anyone else in the meantime; I think she's involved with someone now. But she's not a person to be on her own for long. No, Audrey – the last girl I'd ever thought of – was the one person to give me the right perspective on my marriage, to make me realise what a dreadful mistake it was.

Quest: Thank you.

Two **Demonstrator, 23 years old, brunette, town of origin, Birmingham**

This interviewee, an extremely attractive and vivacious woman married shortly after her 21st birthday following a short engagement. The marriage lasted only a year. She now works as a part-time demonstrator with a cosmetics firm.

Quest: Were you sexually experienced before your marriage?

Demonstrator: I'm not sure really whether I should be talking to you. It's all quite sordid – no, that's not really what I mean. I'm just a bit worried seeing you're also talking to Matthew.

Quest: There's nothing to worry about, I assure you. Go on, please.

Demonstrator: What was the question?

Quest: Were you sexually experienced before you met Matthew?

Demonstrator: Oh yes I was quite experienced before I captured Matthew. I'd had a boyfriend for ages but he was an absolute bastard to me at times. We had a thing for a year of so – we'd go to bed and he'd be very firm with me which I like very much but then he wouldn't bother to phone me for perhaps a week by which time I was absolutely dying for him to touch me again. It all seems so vague now, but if things had gone a bit differently perhaps I'd have married James instead.

Quest: You mentioned that you considered Matthew a catch, why was that?

Demonstrator: My fling with James was by this time turning sour on me a bit. Our love-making was tremendous – he taught me virtually all I now know, but he was very much a man's man – do you follow?

Quest: Explain please.

Demonstrator: He was into sport and played with a local rugby team on Saturday afternoons. Not in the big league, mind you, but you know what men are like. And if it wasn't football then it'd be down the pub with his mates, squash, you name it. There seemed to be little place in his life for me – besides bed.

Quest: So how did you meet Matthew?

Demonstrator: Quite by chance really. I had just joined a tennis club where James used to play and met Matthew when he stepped in at the last minute to partner me.

Quest: Were you attracted to him?

Demonstrator: To be honest my mind at the time wasn't really concentrating, I can't even remember if we won or not. I was going through all sorts of problems then. I had to decide what future there would be in the relationship with James. I mean it was typical of him – the reason Matthew stepped in was that I hadn't seen James for almost two weeks. He knew about the game and I just figured he'd show up on time. Then the night before I got a call from him, he was down in London and he informed me that we'd have to cancel the match. I phoned up Bob – he's the chap we were playing – and told him but he said not to worry that he'd get someone to step in.

Quest: Then how did you get together?

Demonstrator: After the game the four of us went for a drink and Bob and Sue left after a short time and I was alone with Matthew. He just asked me out. I was still in daydreamland because I said I'd go with him – it was just sort of an unconscious decision. I mean I didn't fancy him, he wasn't all that good looking. Then I snapped out of it and he was rabbiting on about picking me up at home at seven. It came as a bit of a shock to discover what I'd let myself in for.

Quest: Did you share with James at this stage?

Demonstrator: No I never lived with James – I was still at my parents.
Quest: And what happened on your date with Matthew?
Demonstrator: Everything but . . .
Quest: Sex?
Demonstrator: Silly it was – quite extraordinary. We went to see *The Godfather* would you believe? I don't think I spoke more than a few words to him as it was a mad dash to get to the cinema on time. Afterwards he asked if I'd care for something to eat.
Quest: And were you very impressed with him?
Demonstrator: He seemed so, so – nothing, really. I didn't look on him sexually at all.
Quest: Sorry, you were telling me of that evening.
Demonstrator: He drove me back to my parents and parked a little down the street. I expected him to make some advance towards me which I figured I'd be able to parry. All I remember now is thinking how different he was from James: James would have been all over me by that time.
Quest: And Matthew wasn't?
Demonstrator: We seemed to sit there for what seemed ages and I found that I was thinking once more about James – I wondered who he was screwing. I got caught unawares and Matthew was leaning over and kissing me. I tried to pull away but somehow he had me so I could hardly move and then I felt his tongue slide inside my mouth and his hands were all over me. Suddenly it was like being with James again – I hadn't seen him for almost a month at this time. I could actually imagine it was him, dreadful of me I know, but if I actually was honest what justification could I have for feelings like that on a first date with someone I hardly knew. Then Matthew gently started to massage my breasts through my dress which I find very on-turning and I started to squirm around. I felt Matthew's hand go down to my pussy. I was wearing a shortish dress which was showing a lot of leg and then I could sense his hands right next to me there and I was actually panting for it. I wanted to be taken right there. And when he brushed against my crack I thought I'd die – it seemed so long since a man had touched me there. And all at once it started flooding through me. He was very good and never even took my panties down but very gently at first massaged along my slit until I could feel the wetness on my panties, and gradually his hand pressed firmer and firmer until it was nearly hurting and I just came.
Quest: Just like that?
Demonstrator: I was amazed. I wouldn't have believed it either. After I regained my senses I realised that I hadn't even touched him and that it was too late to then. I noticed though that his trousers were bulging out and that he had to lift up off the seat and ease them down a little.
Quest: You changed your attitude to him?
Demonstrator: Not consciously, but we did make another date.
Quest: Did you have sex on that occasion?
Demonstrator: No, not actual sex. We kissed a little and it wasn't until the third or fourth time that we went so far again. I would sometimes bring him off in the car and would let him play with me.
Quest: How?
Demonstrator: I'd go knickerless so he could finger me – inside.
Quest: And what of James during this time?
Demonstrator: I still went with him . . .
Quest: To bed?
Demonstrator: Yes. A couple of times until things deteriorated even more, but while I was still with James, Matthew and I never had intercourse. I didn't go to bed with him until I finally had a show-down with James and things blew into an almighty row and he started knocking me about. I told him to get out of my life – that I never wanted to see him again. It was a little while after that, when my parents had gone for a long weekend, that I invited Matthew round and we made love properly for the first time. Things just started snowballing from there and we were going all the way from then on.
Quest: Did the sex side remain good?
Demonstrator: On the honeymoon it did, we hardly ever left bed. One night Matthew had me three times and I mean I was practically stupid by the end of it, but when we got back to our brand new flat and started into a routine I found it extremely difficult to cope, with everything not just the sex side. Matthew made me give up my job and I found that I was moping about the house all day listening to Tony Blackburn. I felt so bored with nothing to do all day. Things just went from bad to worse over the next few months.
Quest: Did you talk to Matthew about it?
Demonstrator: Constantly. We must have gone over it all every week. It's very difficult to explain here all the reasons – but perhaps the most basic of all was the realisation that it all happened too fast.
Quest: So what did you do?
Demonstrator: Things came to a head one night and I decided that the best thing to do was get away from Matthew for a couple of weeks so I could sort things over in my own mind, so I went home to my parents.
Quest: Were they close by?
Demonstrator: I forgot to mention that but we'd moved in the meantime. Matthew had got a better paid job but it had entailed moving flats – I mean that was another thing we'd hardly had time to settle.
Quest: And you sorted things out?
Demonstrator: I met James again. He phoned my parents to find out what had happened to me and they'd let it slip that I was home for a week. He telephoned the day after I arrived and we made a date. I don't know why, but I couldn't get him out of my mind even though he was a bastard.
Quest: It is often the way.
Demonstrator: We just went to the pub actually and started to talk. I suppose that I used James as a shoulder to cry on, and before I knew where I was I had asked him back to my parents as they were out.
Quest: And you had sex?
Demonstrator: He made me a coffee and I started crying, literally, and he put his arms round me and I found that I was saying to him that I was sorry – for marrying Matthew I suppose. And then we were kissing and he was searching out the buttons on my blouse. I didn't want to stop him. We just drifted onto the floor and he had my skirt up by my waist and my knickers dangling off one leg and my blouse undone and my breasts beautifully bare under his hands. I've never wanted to be screwed so much. I begged him and reached up and undid his zip and dragged his penis out. I wanted to feel him, to taste him.
Quest: And you had sex proper?
Demonstrator: We lay there snuggling on the floor for a while and I then started playing with him again and when it was up I straddled it and sank down on it. It felt so huge inside me and being on top gave me much more freedom and I came in no time. James just rolled over and lifted my legs over his shoulders and started ramming me – so fierce and powerful.
Quest: And afterwards, you decided to return to your husband?
Demonstrator: I tried once more to make a go of it but it was useless. It was all right for the first month again then nothing.
Quest: Do you still see James?
Demonstrator: Occasionally, yes. But since all that I've met someone else – someone who's fun to be with *and* good in bed – something which was missing in both James and Matthew.
Quest: I wish you the best of luck.
Demonstrator: Thank you.
Quest: Thank *you.*

Three. **Secretary, 25 years old, blonde, town of origin West Bromwich**
This interviewee, a quiet though attractive girl, works as a secretary for a legal concern. She shares her flat with her boyfriend whom she hopes eventually to marry.
Quest: Do you recall your first meeting with Matthew?
Secretary: Yes. I joined the accountancy practice he worked for as a secretary. The man in charge of personnel introduced me round on my first morning and of course I met Matthew.
Quest: What were your first impressions?
Secretary: He seemed a bit pre-occupied. He had a sort of far-away look in his eyes.
Quest: Did you fancy him or anything?
Secretary: Heavens no. Of course not. Not then anyway.
Quest: But you liked him?
Secretary: Well yes, I suppose so, but there was nothing really to dislike. He was just a nice normal person.
Quest: So how did your relationship with Matthew get off the ground?
Secretary: Well we used to talk quite a lot. Neither of us are great ones for lunches so we usually had the office to ourselves. I got the impression that he wasn't too happy with his marriage, but I didn't think it was my place to offer any sort of comment or opinion so I listened to him in a fairly non-committal sort of way.
Quest: What did you gauge his reactions to his wife to be?
Secretary: He always struck me as being a

bit manic-depressive. God that sounds dreadful! No, what I'm trying to say is that one day he'd seem absolutely over the moon about the whole thing, going on about how wonderful she was and how sexy she was and the next day he'd be down in the dumps about some quarrel they'd had. Then they'd obviously make it up because the whole process would repeat itself.

Quest: Did you mind being taken into his confidence in this manner?

Secretary: I did at first. I found it all rather embarrassing. Then I began to realise that underneath everything he was really very unhappy. He seemed a bit out of his depth. From what he told me about his wife, I gathered that she was quite, well, sexually experienced. More than Matthew at any rate. He used to get a bit explicit at times.

Quest: He'd discuss intimate details of his sex-life with you?

Secretary: Yes. In some funny kind of way he seemed to need reassurance. I mean he'd come out with things like did I think a man's length was important? and when I went to bed with a man how many times did I expect him to make love to me during the course of a night? Things like that. He'd never actually say 'We did such-and-such last night'. He'd alter it around so the question would be 'What would you do if your boyfriend tried to do such-and-such to you?'

Quest: How did you reply?

Secretary: Well I'm not that experienced so I don't hold myself up to be some great sex expert. I'm not a virgin, but then on the other hand the number of men I've been to bed with can be numbered on the fingers of one hand – and that includes Matthew. I tend to go in for fairly long steady relationships and I need to know a man for quite some time before I go to bed with him. I know it's not a particularly modern outlook, but it's just the way I am.

Quest: There's no need to feel ashamed. What did you say to him when he talked to you about sex?

Secretary: Well as I said, I couldn't be of much help. I told him as honestly as I could what my reactions would have been had I been involved in the actual situations he described, but quite frankly, some of them were beyond my experience. I'm not really one for having sex in weird positions.

Quest: So the whole thing was on a conversational level?

Secretary: Some of the things he talked about made me curious. Not the weird things. They turned me off more than anything. But things like sexy undies. He seemed to have a fascination for them. When he talked to me about his wife dressing up in them and then having sex, I'd glance over to his desk where he had her picture and try to imagine them doing it.

Quest: Did this arouse you at all?

Secretary: Yes, I suppose it did in a way.

Quest: How else did Matthew's fascination for sexy underwear show itself?

Secretary: I caught him looking at this suspender belt he'd bought. Well caught's the wrong word actually. We'd both gone out for once one lunchtime and when I got back, I found him poring over this thing made out of black lace. It was like catching a schoolboy doing something naughty. He jumped a mile when I came in. I asked him what he'd got and he showed me and told me it was for his wife. Personally I've never seen the attraction men have for stockings and suspenders; I mean they're such a bore to put on. So fiddly. I much prefer tights. But there he was practically drooling over these silly things. We talked about why he liked them and I must admit I found myself becoming just a little bit turned on. He made it all sound quite naughty and exciting.

Quest: It sounds that by this stage, your relationship was on a fairly good level. Had you developed any feelings for him?

Secretary: If I'm to be totally honest, yes I had. Not that I lusted madly after him or anything, but his wife seemed to be giving him a worse and worse time and I felt sorry for him as I liked him a lot. There were times when I tried to make myself look extra-nice for him, but he never seemed to notice.

Quest: Why did you do that?

Secretary: I don't know really.

Quest: You must have some idea.

Secretary: I wanted him to see me as something more than just a sort of big sister he could tell his troubles to. Honestly, he was like a little baby sometimes. I wished he'd be more assertive sometimes. He was always going on about his wife this and his wife that and there were times when I felt like screaming 'To hell with your precious wife, what about me?' I thought if I made myself look attractive he might ask me out or something like that. OK, look I did fancy him. I didn't have a boyfriend at the time and I thought Matthew was quite good-looking and good company and I wanted him to notice me.

Quest: So how did you achieve this aim?

Secretary: We have this dinner-dance every year. It's a total waste of time because it's just an excuse for the partners to get drunk and grope the secretaries. I wasn't going to go in fact, but then Matthew told me that his wife wasn't going to be there. He asked me who I was going with and I nearly said I wasn't going at all, but then I told him I was going on my own. He said he'd see to it that I got home afterwards. I knew this would probably be the best chance I'd ever have of getting him away from the office, so I went out with my sister, who's a bit trendier than me, and she picked out this evening dress for me. I'd never have bought it myself. There's practically nothing of it. It hasn't got any sleeves at all and there's this great big slit up the side. I felt practically naked in it. Vicky, she's my sister by the way, said it looked great on me, so I bought it. Then I decided in for a penny and got some stockings and suspenders too. Honestly I felt like a tart.

Quest: What was Matthew's reaction?

Secretary: I could have killed him. He hardly seemed to notice at all. He spent the entire evening with not so much as a glance in my direction. And he was drinking a lot too. I danced with a few people and then I decided I'd had enough. I was nearly in tears. I went over to him and told him that I supposed he'd forgotten about promising to run me home. He seemed terribly guilty, but I noticed that he noticed my dress. That made me feel a bit better. I wanted him to know that I had stockings and suspenders on too, but I couldn't very well come right out and tell him, could I? So when we got home, I pretended I couldn't find my key. I always keep a spare above the door so I knew that in reaching up he'd get a good eyeful.

Quest: You'd invited him back for coffee or something?

Secretary: Yes, I'm sorry. I'm getting a bit ahead of myself.

Quest: Not to worry. Did you have just coffee in mind?

Secretary: If the situation arose I wasn't going to say no.

Quest: So what happened?

Secretary: When we got to the top of the stairs, I reached up for the key and I knew my little dodge had worked because I heard this sort of gasp from behind me. Then he asked me what on earth I had on under my dress. Like he was shocked or something. I told him I thought he liked sexy undies and all he did was laugh. It was dreadful. I felt so humiliated. I went into the kitchen and burst into tears. I couldn't help it. I felt such a fool. He was going on about what had given me the idea and I told him. I said 'What do you think gave me the idea? It was you and the things you bought your wife.' I couldn't take any more. I just told him to go away.

Quest: What was his reaction?

Secretary: He seemed stunned at first. Then the next thing I knew he was cuddling me and kissing me and I could feel that he was hard. I told him that he could go to bed with me. That was all I wanted from him. He sort of nodded and we went into the sitting room. I turned off all the lights except one and we took our clothes off. I felt very self-conscious. I just had on my stockings and those wretched suspenders. His thing was all hard and stiff and it made me feel quite wicked and shameless even though I was very nervous. He was very gentle with me though and kind too. He said he wasn't interested in sexy undies, just my body. I could feel his hands and tongue exploring me and it was beautiful, then he slid his thing into me and I just started crying. I couldn't help it. Not sad crying or anything like that, but happiness and relief all mingled in one. I wanted him so much. He started off slow but then he got quicker and he made me come wonderfully.

Quest: And you're still together?

Secretary: Yes. His marriage broke up about a month or so later and he moved in with me. I think we're both good for each other because he's a very good lover and maybe I'm not as demanding as his wife was. I think we'll get married when his divorce comes through. I hope so anyway, because I am very much in love with him.

Quest: Thanks – and good luck too.

CARRIE

It's a lab delight as Carrie fails the acid test

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